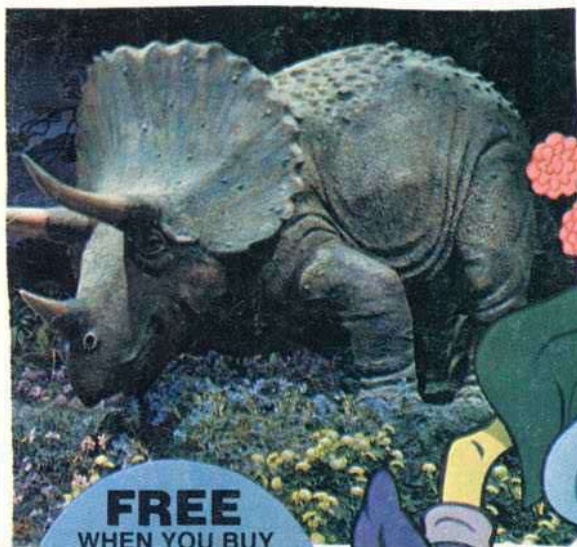


OCTOBER ISSUE

Disney MAGAZINE



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IN THIS ISSUE

**DISNEY and the
DINOSAURS**

Story by
DONNY OSMOND

COATIMUNDI

**MICKEY SHAKESPEARE
COMICS**

RANGER WOODLORE

MAGICAL MIM



Hello Again! Welcome to this month's issue. There's a lot in here to entertain and inform you. We hope you enjoy it.

Be sure to see page 48 for a special word about the next issue which will appear in December.

The Editors

DISNEY AND THE DINOSAURS

Come with us into the distant past, when titans ruled the earth. The "terrible lizards" held sway over our planet for 135 million years—far longer than man has ruled—yet their bones are all that remain to mark their passing.



MAGICAL MIM When Mad Madam Mim sets out to become a beautiful maiden, the results are not quite what she thought they'd be. I mean, a knight in shining armor is fine, but if he bumbles all his rescue attempts, that's something else again. Turn to page 10 for some magical chuckles.



RANGER WOODLORE'S NATURE HIKES Animals who live in cold climates have their own ways of adapting to the changing seasons. Learn about them from the Little Ranger, page 6.

DONNY OSMOND What is the life of a teenage idol really like? Find out from singing star Donny Osmond himself just how he lives when he's not on the road performing.



MICKEY SHAKESPEARE No one really knows how William Shakespeare produced his romantic tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet." Here's a guess about how it might have been done. We hope Will had as much fun.

Disney MAGAZINE

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NATURE'S FAMILY ALBUM The coatimundi, a relative of the raccoon, is an inquisitive fellow—nosy, actually—as well as a playful one. On page 30 is a peek at his life in the jungles and deserts of Mexico and South America.



VACATIONLANDS IN WINTER A vacation spot in summer can be plagued by mosquitos and poison ivy. With a change in the season, it can become an autumn or winter wonderland, clothed in bright red and gold or dazzling white.

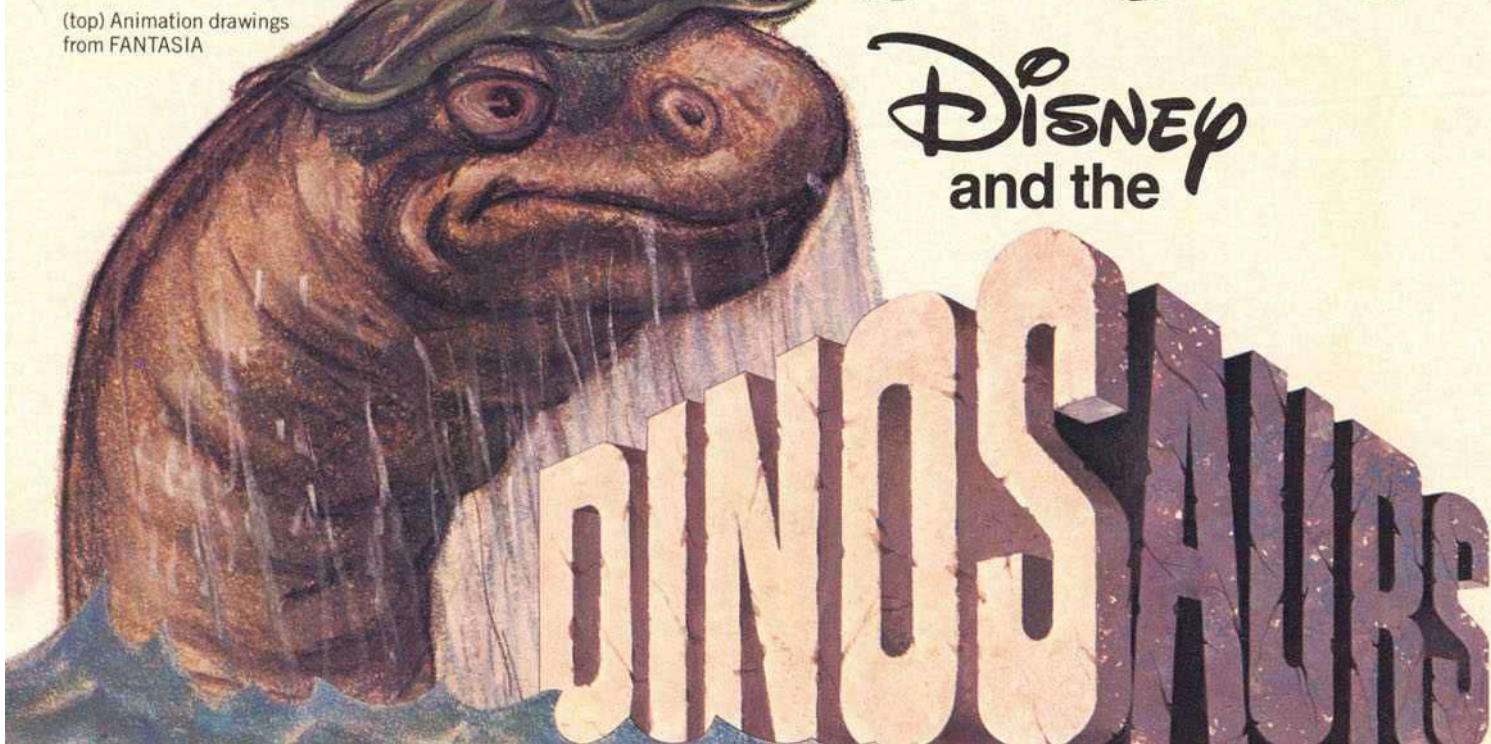
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(top) Animation drawings from FANTASIA



Two hundred million years ago titans ruled the earth—huge, lumbering reptiles, each one of which ate enough to feed a herd of today's animals. For the most part, they were peaceful creatures, browsing among the primitive swamps and munching on plants. Yet there were dangers, in the form of meat-eating monsters who

fed on their fellows. These were the dinosaurs, who ruled our earth longer than any other life form—135 million years!

Picture to yourself that long-ago swamp. Standing in it, dredging up plants from under the water are several brachiosaurs. These are the largest land creatures that ever lived—so large that they spent most of their time half-submerged to support their 55-ton bulks. Browsing at the edge of the

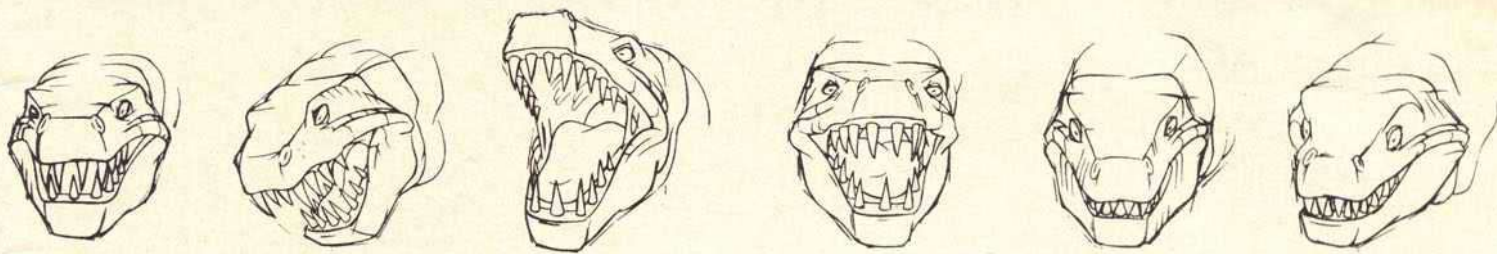
swamp are a variety of monsters: triceratops, a three-horned beast with a huge "frill" behind his neck, who resembles the rhinoceros of today; the lumbering stegosaurus, with his armored hide, bony plates standing in two rows upon his spine, and spiked tail; ostrich-like struthiomimus.

These and others are calmly eating when, all at once, they hear a sound. The brachiosaurs' heads swivel on their long necks, triceratops and her hatchlings back away from the edge of the pond. All the creatures, large and small, are poised for flight. Only stegosaurus, who was hardly the brains of the bunch, is unaware that danger threatens.

Then, suddenly, out of the trees comes the most terrible dinosaur of all: tyrannosaurus rex, the tyrant-lizard. He stands, jaws gaping to display razor-sharp, six-inch teeth, tiny clawed forearms at the ready, balanced on his



Plaster models like the one at left of triceratops familiarized Disney animators with the dinosaurs for FANTASIA.



powerful hind legs and tail. And the only one left in his path is stegosaurus!

The battle is joined. And, although stegosaurus tries mightily, he's no match for his opponent. With stegosaurus lying still beneath him, tyrannosaurus roars his triumph to the sky.

Those were the scenes that took shape in the imaginations of Walt Disney and his staff as they created a visual setting for Igor Stravinsky's revolutionary composition, "Rite of Spring." It was to be a compelling sequence—the creation of the world—for the movie, FANTASIA.

The music and the action of "Rite of Spring" fit one another beautifully. Yet, by his own admission, Disney's creation-of-the-world idea was not what Stravinsky had in mind when he composed the work. How, then, was such a happy wedding of

sound and picture achieved? For Stravinsky himself, after seeing his work translated to film, is reported to have said, "Ah, yes! I suppose that *is* what I meant!"

The first step in the creation of an animated film is the story conference. In the case of "Rite of Spring," Walt and his writers and artists gathered to listen to the music and gave their minds free rein to imagine the action that was to match the sounds.

"This is the silence before the storm!" said one.

"That's wind," commented Walt.

"Big things swooping down!"

added another.

And later, "The big guy is thrashing his tail to chase him away."

The music swells to a crescendo of brass and percussion. "These are our carnivorous animals," someone put in. "They came out of the mush in the first place to get fish that had been stranded by high tide and were left flopping in the mud."

Well, you get the idea. More

A hand-painted celluloid for final production photography of one frame of FANTASIA (there are 24 frames for each second of an animated motion picture).



story conferences were held, until a script had been defined.

At this point, extensive research was done about the dinosaurs who were to be "Rite of Spring's" main characters. Although in some cases these are remarkably well-preserved, the only remains we have of those ancient monsters are skeletons. But it is the special skill of an animator to visualize how a creature, be he mouse or monster, would move.

First a plaster model of each dinosaur was constructed. From

these, "model sheets" were drawn, sketches of each creature in different positions, and a reference sheet showing all the dinosaurs and their sizes in relation to one another.

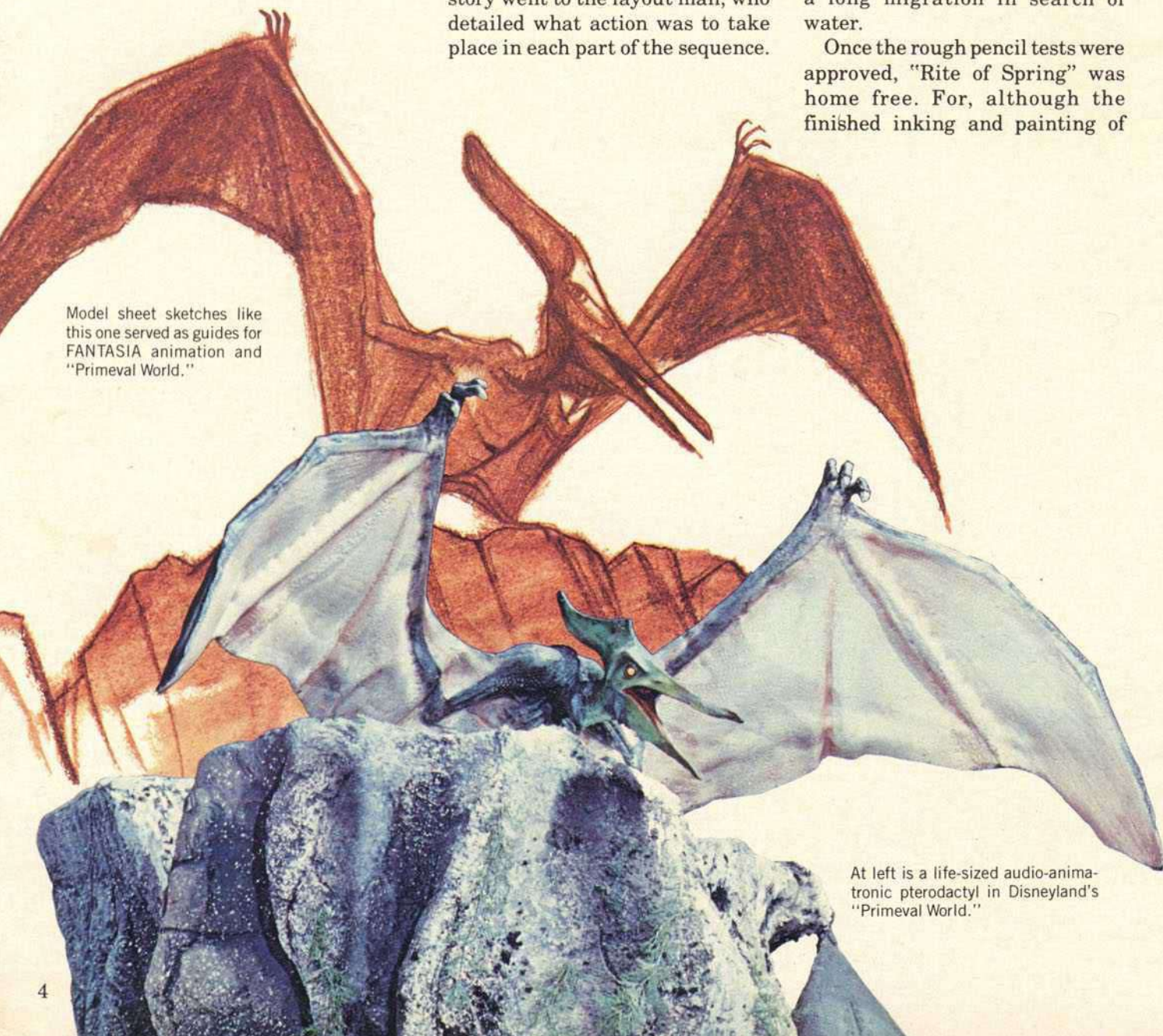
Then, in the "music room," the producer (Walt), the director, and the rest of the staff began to dig deeper into the concept. Effects animation was developed to a level never before reached. For "Rite of Spring" they created volcanoes erupting, lava bubbling and crawling over the landscape, the hot, dripping environment of the swamp, where the dinosaurs lived.

As the action began to jell, the story went to the layout man, who detailed what action was to take place in each part of the sequence.

The director set up the "camera angles"—a close-up, a long "shot" to set the scene, a "shot" from below, looking up at tyrannosaurus, to establish him as huge and fearsome.

"Rite of Spring" then went to the animators, who first did rough, pencil animation that was photographed just as the finished artwork would be. These "rough pencil tests" were gone over carefully, and changes were made where necessary. It was decided at this stage, for instance, that, for greater dramatic impact, tyrannosaurus should die, not by falling off a cliff early in the sequence, but with all the other creatures during a long migration in search of water.

Once the rough pencil tests were approved, "Rite of Spring" was home free. For, although the finished inking and painting of

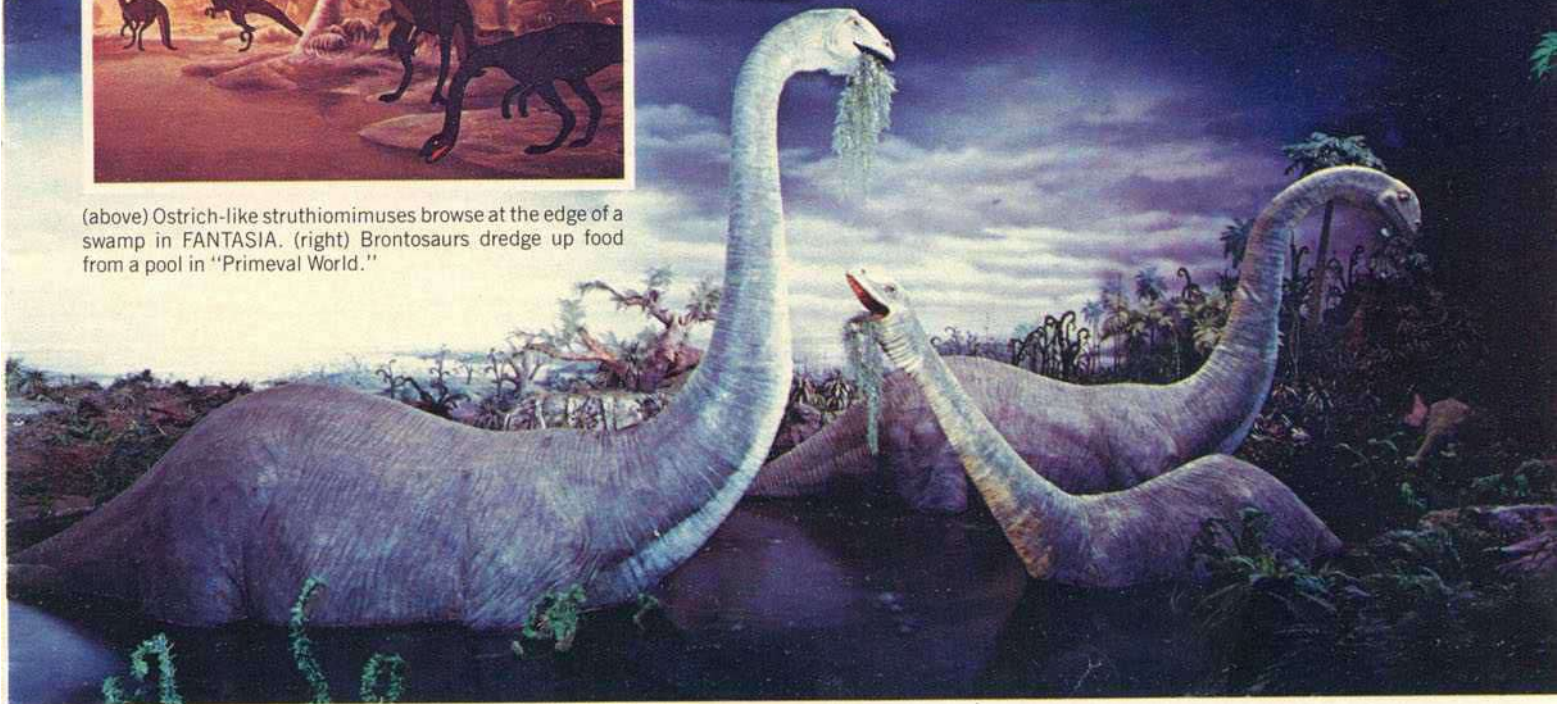


Model sheet sketches like this one served as guides for FANTASIA animation and "Primeval World."

At left is a life-sized audio-anima-
tronic pterodactyl in Disneyland's
"Primeval World."



(above) Ostrich-like struthiomimuses browse at the edge of a swamp in FANTASIA. (right) Brontosaurus dredge up food from a pool in "Primeval World."



the "cels" was still to be done, the story had been refined and synchronized with the music it portrayed, and you could now realize how powerful a sequence "Rite of Spring" would be in the overall movie. It was so powerful, in fact, that it was placed right before intermission, to give the audience time to recover from the combined impact of music and film before FANTASIA took up again with Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony."

Disney's dinosaurs were not the perennial stars that, say, a Mickey Mouse or a Donald Duck were, but they nevertheless left their mark on future Disney productions. In "Sleeping Beauty," for instance, the evil witch Maleficent turns herself into a dragon that is a direct descendant of FANTASIA's tyrannosaurus. And the dragon into which Madam Mim turns herself to duel with Merlin in "Sword in the Stone" is another relative.

Their most direct descendants, however, are to be found at Disneyland. There, if you take the

Santa Fe and Disneyland Railroad on its tour around the Park, you'll see key scenes from FANTASIA reproduced in the audio-animatronic wonder of "Primeval World."

Amazingly realistic in every detail and movement, the denizens of "Primeval World" first performed as part of Disney's "Magic Skyway" exhibit at the 1964 World's Fair in New York. On this occasion the full potential of the Disney-created system was revealed to the public. It was like a science-fiction dream come true—robots that moved and made sounds on instructions from a computer. The impact was extraordinary, and audio-animatronics now animates many of the newer attractions at Disneyland and Walt Disney World.

Even now, Disney is dealing in dinosaurs. One of the latest releases from Walt Disney Productions is a rollicking comedy about an attempt to steal the skeleton of a brontosaurus (and the microdot hidden among his bones) from a

London museum. The plot is foiled by a British nanny and her cohorts, who rescue the bony beast from the clutches of a Chinese secret agent. And we're not sure but what, once in a while, old Brontosaurus doesn't steal the show.



The latest Disney dinosaur is an old bag of bones—a brontosaurus that conceals a microdot.

WEASEL (Summer)

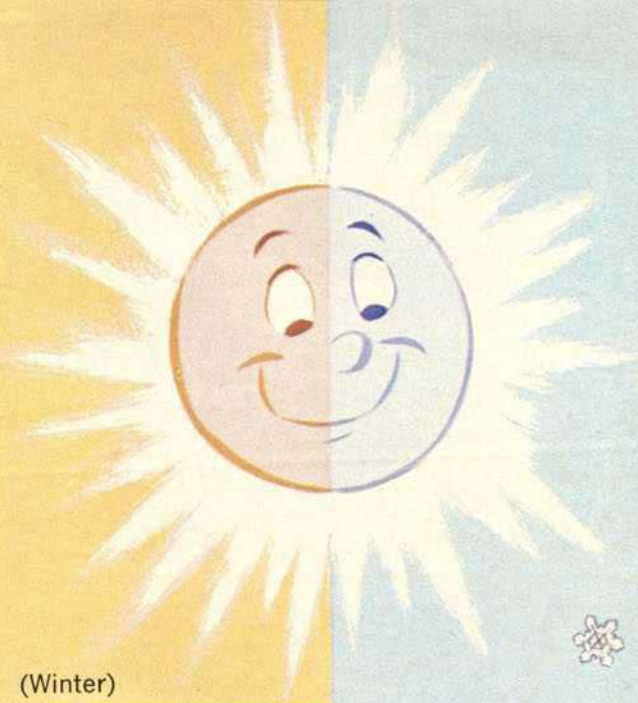


RANGER WOODLORE'S NATURE HIKE



ARCTIC FOX (Summer) (Winter)

ERMINE (Winter)



SNOWSHOE RABBIT (Summer) (Winter)



"What a beautiful fall day!" cried J. Audubon Woodlore, the little ranger, as he strode across a golden meadow. Close behind him followed Huey, Dewey and Louie, the three duck boys.

"Wow!" said Louie. "I just saw a rabbit! A brown one!"

"So did I!" joined in Huey. "But it was *white*!"

"Its tail was white," agreed Dewey, "but I'm not sure whether its coat was brown *or* white. What color *was* it, Ranger Woodlore?"

"Well, *all* of you are right," laughed the jolly ranger. "Its coat is both brown *and* white. That was a jack rabbit and it's getting ready for winter."

"Growing a warmer coat?"

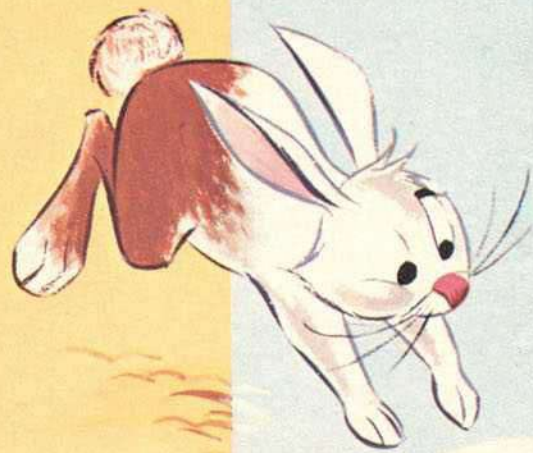
"Yes, and growing a *coat of a different color*! Its old brown summer coat is growing out, and a new white winter coat is coming in. Can you guess why?"

"I know!" cried Huey. "So it can't be seen in the snow!"

"Right!" beamed the ranger. "The white coat color protects it during winter."

"But I've seen *brown* rabbits in the winter," said Louie with a puzzled look.

"Quite right," agreed the ranger. "Some rabbits don't change color. They live where there's brush and grass to hide under. Or where there isn't much snow. But in the far north the arctic hare grows a pure white coat to match





the snow-covered landscape."

"Oh, I've read about him," put in Dewey. "Some people call him a snowshoe rabbit because —"

"Because he wears *snowshoes*?" interrupted Huey.

"Because he *grows* snowshoes! He grows extra hairs between his toes that hold him up on top of the snow."

"That's right," replied the ranger. "And there's a bird that does the same thing. It grows *feather snowshoes*. It's called a rock ptarmigan."

"And it turns white in the winter?"

"Yes. It's a ground bird, and when there's snow on the ground, white feathers help to hide it from animals that are hunting it."

"Do hunting animals turn white too?" asked Dewey.

"But *they* don't need protection!" objected Huey.

"They have to catch food, don't

they? So they have to hide from their prey," explained Louie.

"Good thinking, Louie," smiled the ranger. "Can you name some of these hunters?"

"Bears?" asked Dewey.

"No," said the ranger. "Bears sleep underground all winter. They don't hunt in the snow."

"Except polar bears," put in Huey, "and they're white all year 'round."

"I guess *none* of the hibernating animals turn white, do they?" asked Dewey thoughtfully. "Like chipmunks and skunks. They don't need white camouflage for hiding on the snow because they're not *on* the snow."

"No, they aren't," agreed the ranger. "Neither are creatures that hide in the snow by burrowing under it. Moles, for instance, and shrews keep their dark coats all winter."

"But what about those *hunters*

that turn *white* in the winter?" asked Huey. "I can't think of any."

"Maybe foxes?" suggested Louie.

"Right!" agreed the ranger. "Certain northern foxes do."

"What about badgers? They're fierce hunters."

"Good! Some badgers turn white — except for a black tip on the tail."

"Oh, speaking of a black-tipped tail," said Huey, "what about an *ermine*? All the rest of its body is white."

"Indeed it is!" nodded the ranger. "Do you know what we call an ermine when it's wearing its brown summer coat?"

"A weasel!" shouted Dewey.

"Right!" beamed the ranger.

"But, Ranger Woodlore," said Louie, "*how* do all these animals know when it's *time* to change coats?"

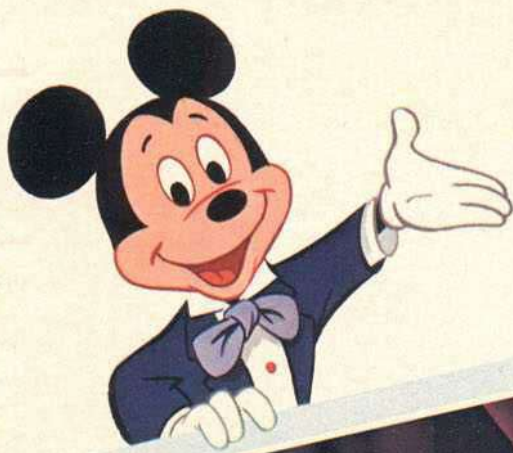
"A *very* good question!" answered the ranger, sitting down on a log. "It seems to be the length of day that triggers a coat change. The days get shorter in the fall, you know."

"And longer in the spring," added Louie. "That's when their *dark* coats grow in, isn't it?"

"Yes, these animals grow new coats twice a year — spring and fall."

"Gee, the sun has gone down, and I'm cold," complained Huey.

"What you need," laughed the ranger, "is a new fall coat! This shorter fall day is triggering a change of direction for us, boys. Time to head back to the Little Ranger Nature Camp!"



Name My Fellow MOUSE ACTORS



1. You may think it was Ben Franklin who invented the Franklin stove, but it was really my idea. My name is _____.



2. My large-eared pal would have washed out as a circus performer if it hadn't been for me. I'm _____.



3. I wish they'd left me asleep in my teapot, but they had to have that noisy un-birthday party. I am a _____.



4. If it hadn't been for a fairy godmother and us, Cinderella would never have met her Prince Charming. We're _____ and _____.



5. It wasn't easy, but with O'Malley's help the kittens and I foiled that wicked butler, Edgar. My name is _____.



6. That loudmouthed Sheriff of Nottingham just wouldn't leave me alone, so I had to fight back. I'm the _____.

ANSWERS:

1. Amos ("Ben and Me") 2. Timothy ("Dumbo") 3. Dormouse ("Alice in Wonderland") 4. Gus and Jag ("Cinderella") 5. Roquefort ("The Aristocats") 6. Churchillmouse ("Robin Hood")

a **MIM** Summer Knight's

... or ~ mother told me there would



One spring day, taking advantage of the infrequent English sunshine, Madam Mim, noted witch of King Arthur's kingdom, took the form of a lizard and lay on a warm rock to bask in the sunlight. Suddenly she heard a cry for help in the distance. Squinting her lizard eyes, Mim saw a fair maiden tied to a tree. A fierce-looking dragon was about to charge the lovely girl, and she waved her arms helplessly about and screamed with fright.

Out of nowhere, a handsome young man appeared on horseback. He took his sword and conked the dragon on the head,

untied the weeping maiden, swept her onto his horse and into his arms and off to his castle.

"Such a pretty girl," mumbled Mim's pet and companion, Bat, hanging upside down from a tree limb.

"Pretty!" screeched Mim indignantly, hearing Bat's comment. "You call *THAT* pretty?" POOF! Mim changed into her real self. "Why, I can be younger and prettier than that little snip of a girl. Just watch!"

Bat swung himself to an upright position as Mim uttered: "Pluck a leaf and make it whirl, turn me into a lovely girl." PWUFF! Mim

became a petite, strawberry-cheeked maiden, though, alas, she still couldn't do a *thing* with her hair! Bat was impressed.

So was a frog. He leaped up from the grass and hopped wildly after Mim, croaking, "Kiss me! Kiss me, gorgeous girl!" Mim looked at Bat, who shrugged his wings.

"Aw, go ahead, Madam Mim. Give it a try." Mim shrugged her shoulders and kissed the frog.

At once a grey mist swirled around the frog. When it cleared, a thin, armor-clad knight on a handsome horse stood in the frog's place.

Bat flew around the strange in-

dream

be knights like this....



truder, looking him over with a keen eye. "He doesn't appear to be too well fed," he observed.

"Dear lady," said the knight, "your kiss has broken the spell put upon me by an evil enchantress." The knight looked deep into Mim's eyes, and, overcome by her beauty, said, "How can I thank you for your kind deed, oh beautiful one? I love you and will serve you. I am now your slave, maiden fair."

"How lovely! How very lovely," smiled Mim, and a romantic twinkle twinkled in her eye.

"How sickening! How very sickening," echoed Bat under his breath.

Mim clasped her hands to her breast and sighed. She walked away from the knight, saying, "I'll have to give your offer some thought."

The knight, clanking about in

his heavy armor, ran after his fair Mim. "A posy," thought the silly man. "I shall win her with a posy and a poem." Whereupon he began to pluck wild flowers: forget-me-nots, daisies, bluebells. As he picked the flowers, he passed them in front of his nose and breathed deeply of their romantic scents. After some minutes the knight had gathered a fair-sized bouquet. He approached Madam Mim boldly, opened his mouth to begin his poem, and SNIFF! He was stopped by an irresistible tickle in his

nose—*hay fever!*

"Aah-chooo!" The first sneeze only blew the flowers from his grasp and sent them flying. The second sneeze loosened the rivets of his armor. Each sneeze was more powerful than the last, and he sneezed and sneezed and sneezed. His last sneeze knocked Mim off the rock where she was sitting and sent her head over heels into a swarm of pollen-gathering bees.

Bat was still in the tree, doubled over with laughter. Mim picked



the bees out of her hair and marched angrily off.

"Oh, wait, my love...Chooo!... come back, please! Aah-chooo!" When his sneezing fits ended, the knight began to run after Mim. Too late! He spied a terrible dragon stalking Mim hungrily. Now the foolish knight could prove his love to her.

Sword in hand, he clambered up



a nearby cliff, intending to spear the reptile as it passed under him. Alas, just as the dragon walked by, the knight's visor fell with a clang, blocking his vision. Blinded but determined, the knight slashed and hacked heroically away at the sky, while the dragon continued its pursuit of Madam Mim in safety.

At the sound of footsteps behind her, Mim turned, expecting to see her eager knight. Instead, she was face to face with the hungry dragon. "How dare you interfere with my romance!" cried Mim. And she pointed an angry finger at the beast. "Ala-Ka-Zam, Ala-Ka-Zoo! Stay where you are; you're stuck in glue!" The stunned dragon was unable to lift a leg: it was magi-

cally glued to the ground.

Looking back, Mim chuckled at the sight of her gallant knight, rolling down the cliff, crashing and banging like a hundred tin cans.

Bent and battered, but still bold, the knight resumed his pursuit of the love of Madam Mim. He took a lute from his saddle, tweaked the strings, and began to serenade her. The notes of the knight's song were so sour that they knocked poor Bat out of his tree. But the knight (who must have been tone-deaf) continued to play his raucous "music," and when Mim turned away, he played even louder. His awful notes rattled the trees and shook the ground.

As the knight played on, he heard a low rumble off to his right. A huge boulder, loosened by the vibrations from his playing, rolled down the hillside, straight toward Madam Mim! With nary a thought for his own safety, the knight spurred his horse toward his true love at a full gallop. Approaching

Mim, he leaned well over in the saddle to scoop her to safety. Alas! The lute slipped down over his shoulder, throwing him off balance (and off his horse) directly in the path of the oncoming boulder.



WHOOSH! CLANK! A flattened lute and a flattened knight!

As the dented knight lay in a heap, Mim whispered in Bat's ear, "This fair-maiden business is dangerous. These rescue attempts by my love-struck knight could go on forever!"

"I've got it!" cried Bat. "Conjure your knight an even lovelier maiden fair, and he'll forget all about you!"

At an indignant glance from his mistress, Bat flew off his perch.

"Still," thought Mim, "that's not too bad an idea. But who, or what, can I find to turn into a lovely maiden?" She looked around at the field where she was walking. Suddenly she heard a small "Croak!" deep in the grass. Mim bent down and picked up a small yellow and green spotted frog. She placed it on the ground before her and recited the well-known incan-



tation: "Azog! Arog! No more a frog! Your beauty sets all eyes agog!"

Instantly a beautiful girl in a yellow and green polka-dot dress stood before her. Mim scanned the girl from head to toe. "Hrumpf!" she said, with a twinge of jealousy, "I guess you'll do."

Meanwhile, our gallant knight was picking himself up off the ground, looking wildly around for his lady fair. He spied the gorgeous girl in the polka-dot dress, and with no further thought for the fair Mim, mounted his charger and galloped to her side. "Your beauty cries out to me, fair maid!" he said. "I am truly in love with

you!" Pushing the flattened lute out of his way, he swept the new maiden up onto his horse in princely form. Ignoring Mim completely, he rode away with his beautiful prize.

"Whew!" squeaked Bat from his hiding place in the tree. "At last he's gone...and good riddance!"

Both Bat and Mim watched in relief as the retreating couple wrapped their arms lovingly about each other and kissed. PA-FOOF! A pale green puff of smoke enveloped them both, and when it cleared there was nothing to be seen but two small green frogs hopping happily off.

"And they lived happily ever after," chuckled Mim, changing back into her original form.

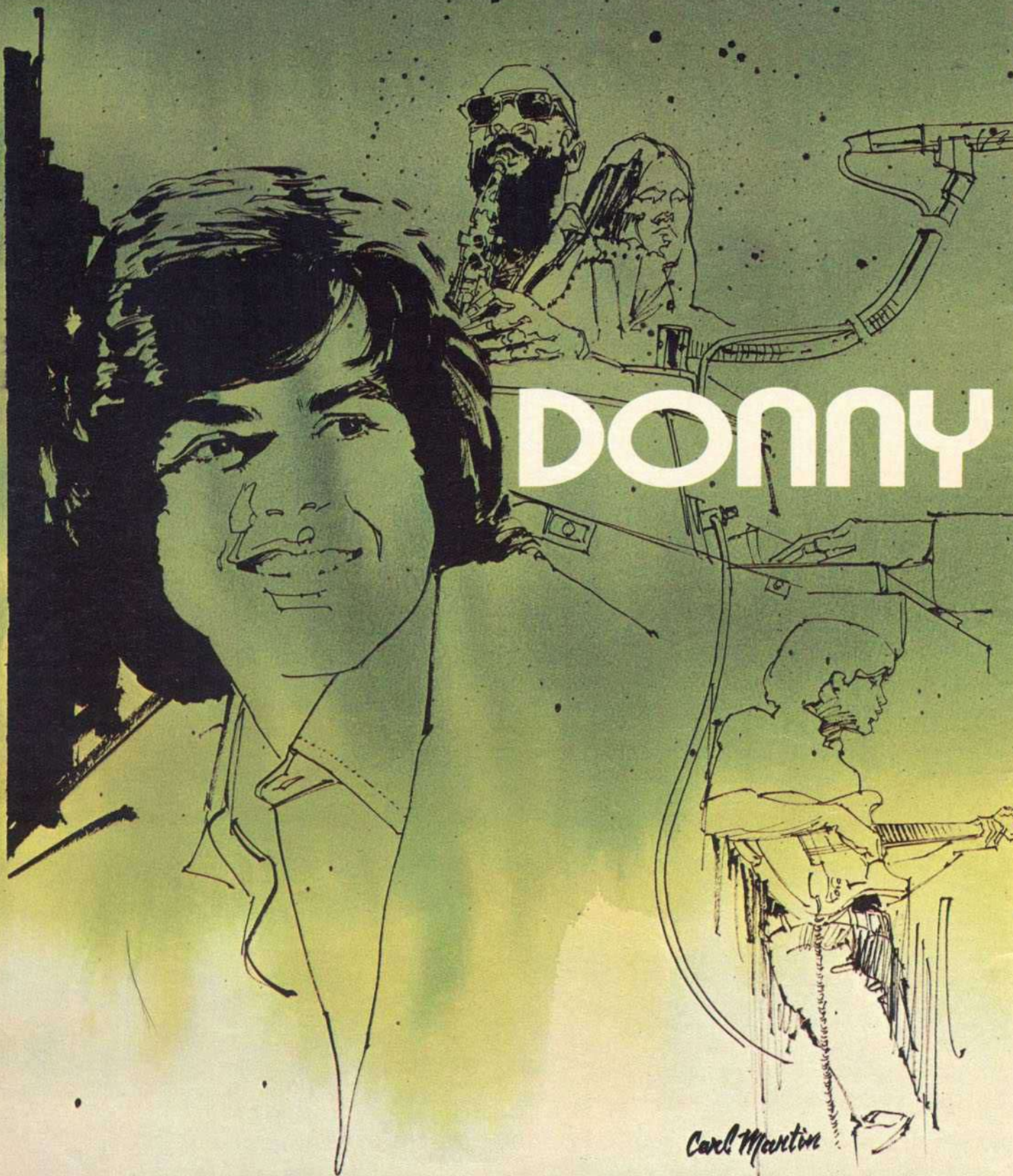
"How about a little kiss?" asked Bat. Madam Mim instantly turned into an ogre with four yellow eyes and two small needle-sharp teeth.

"Pucker up," she said, but Bat was already flying away, as fast as he could.

And Madam Mim went home to wash her dishes.



*Behind the star is a
down-home country boy.*



Carl Martin



osmond

Most everyone wants to know what it's like to be a teenage idol...I love it. It's hard to believe that fans are screaming over me. I'm just a farmer. It's hard to believe we were raised on a farm in Utah, but I love my life in show business.

Singing has always been part of my life. I used to sing with my brothers at church and can't remember ever not singing...and it's always been fun. It isn't work. It's a way of expressing our feelings to others.

I remember having a meeting with the President of our church (the Osmonds are Mormons). He feels we are on a mission, that we are preaching through our music while we're singing—we feel this is our mission.

My life off the stage, or outside the recording studio, is very ordi-

nary. We live in Utah and I help my father do the chores on our farm when I have the time. Usually, I'm working on electronics. That's my second love. All my life I've been fooling around with wires, building television sets, and designing my bedroom.

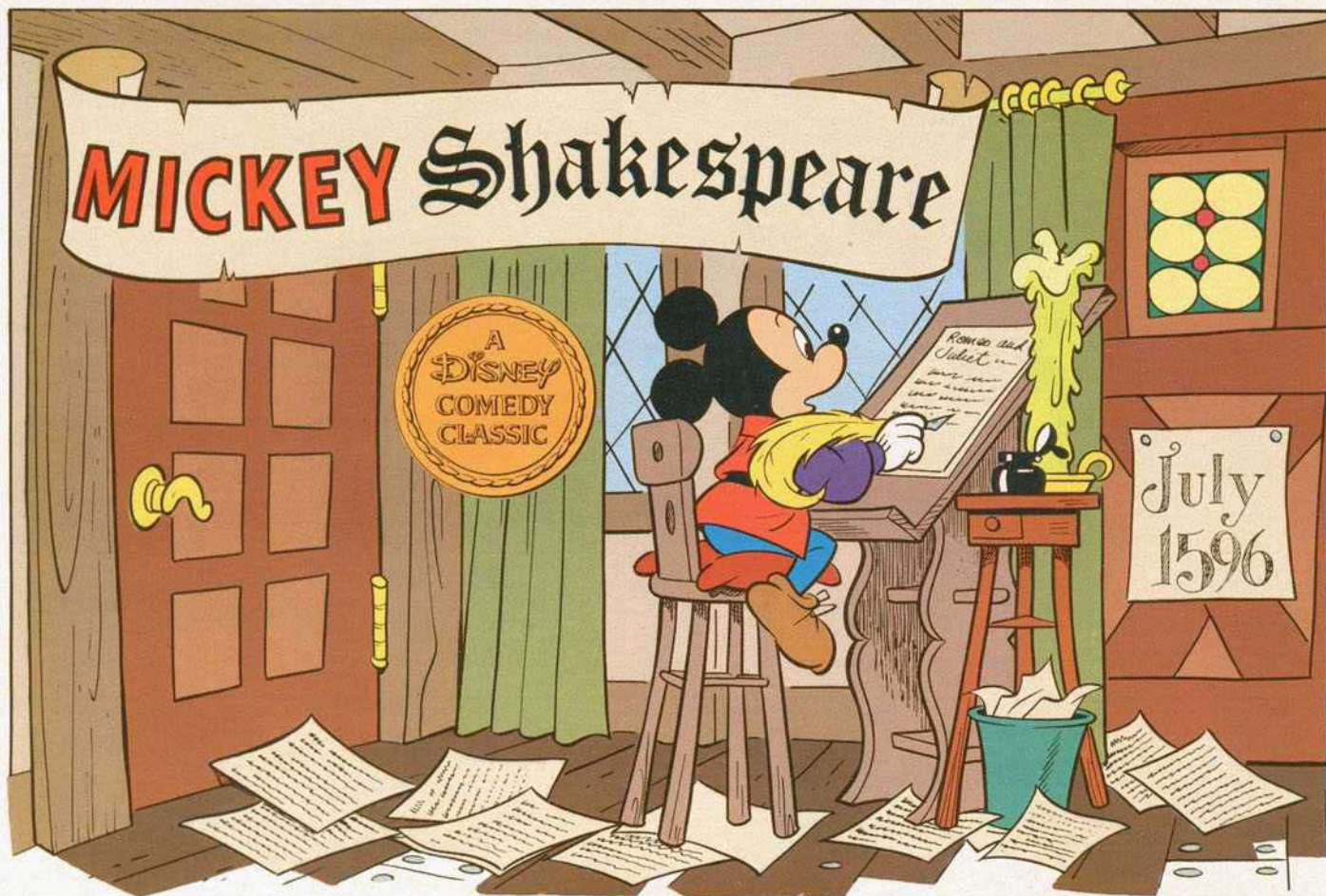
My bedroom is really special to me. Ever since the James Bond films began, I wanted a James-Bond-type bedroom. And I always planned on building it myself. A couple of years ago I did. I have an elevator that takes me to my bed. My workshop is under my bed; my clothes closet comes down from the ceiling, and my bookshelf moves up and down along the wall. It's really something.

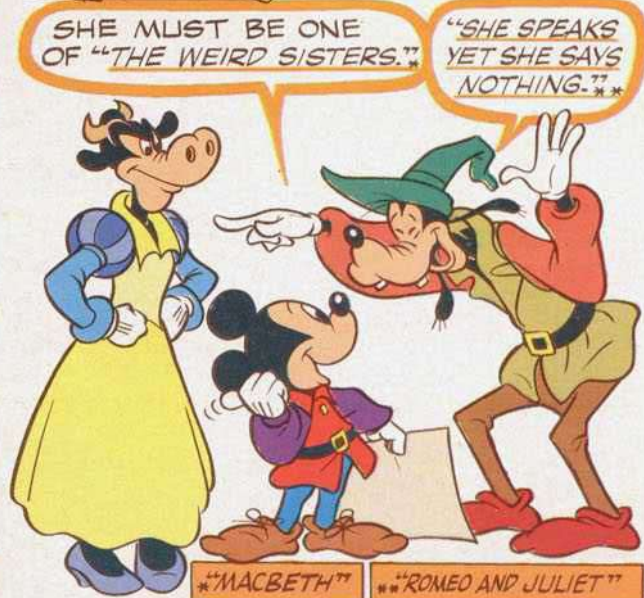
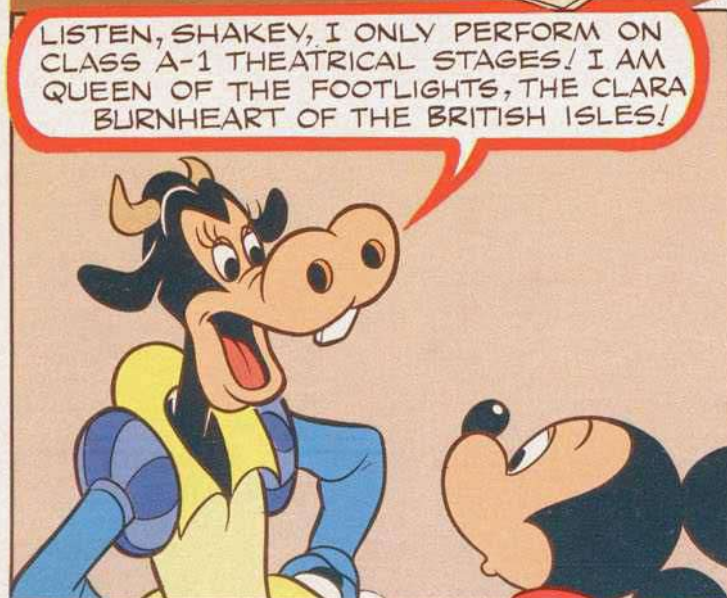
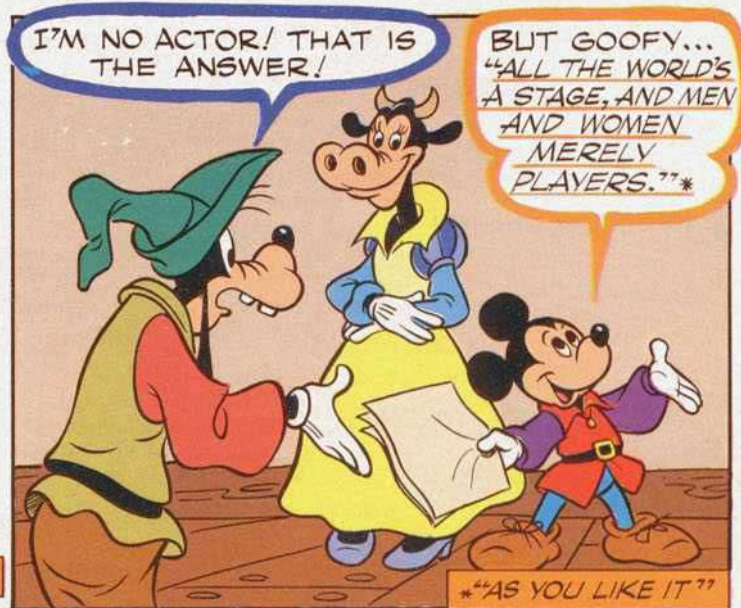
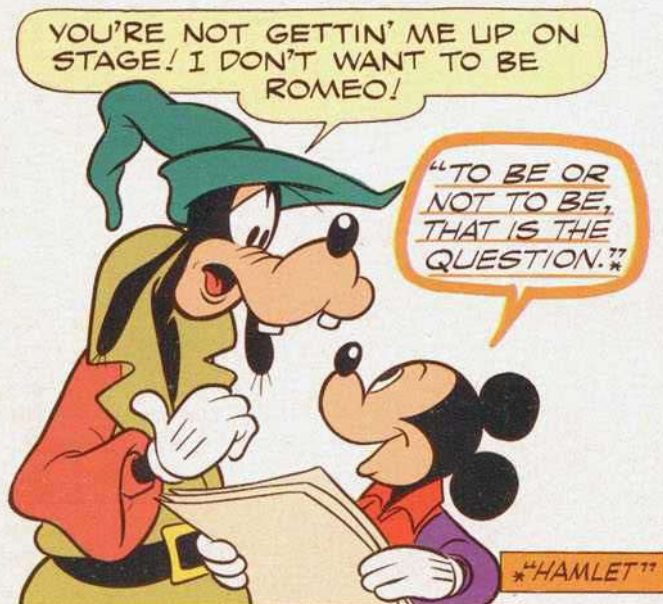
Another thing I do is date...now that I'm 16. But my brothers keep a watchful eye. I don't have a girl friend...with all my work and



traveling it wouldn't be fair to a girl. Anyway, I'm having more fun this way...dating lots of girls and seeing the world.

Speaking of the world—next year one of the most exciting things in my life is going to take place...we're going to do a concert tour of the world. We'll be going all over Europe, including Russia. And also Australia, New Zealand and Japan. It's going to be very special.

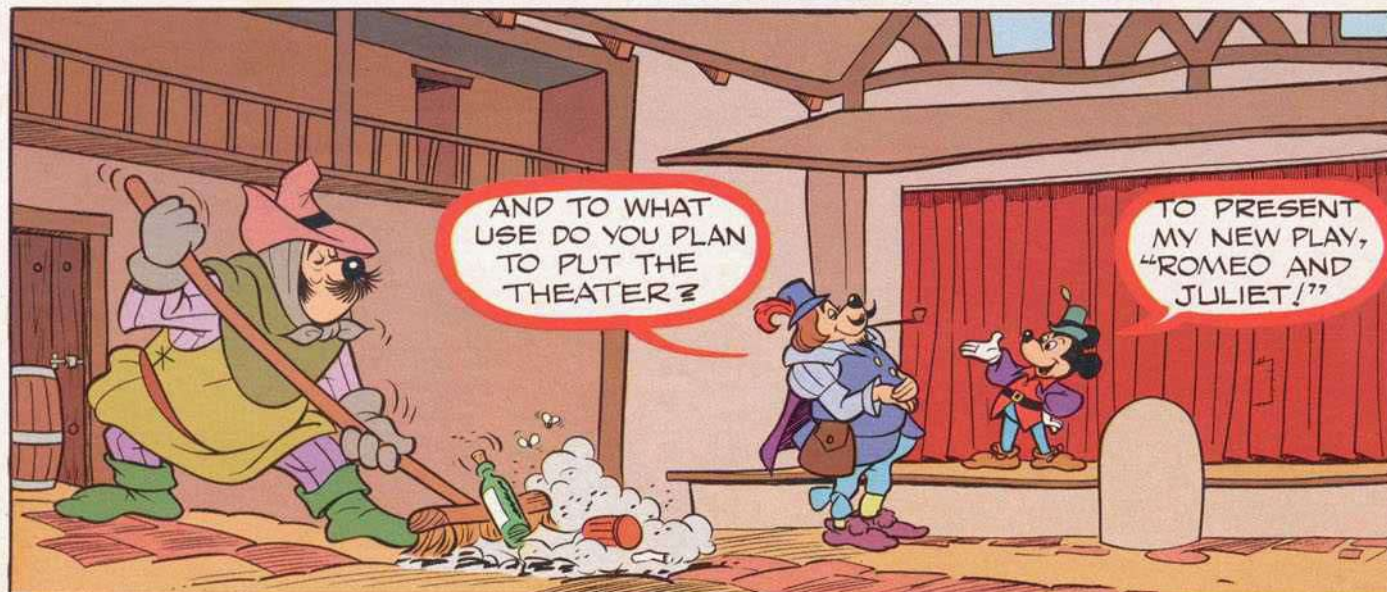






*"MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR"

**"JULIUS CAESAR"



THEN THE RENT
WILL BE TWENTY
POUNDS A
WEEK!



TWENTY POUNDS?
LET'S MAKE A DEAL!
MAKE IT FIFTEEN
POUNDS A WEEK
AND YOU CAN SEE
THE SHOW FOR
NOTHING!



YOU'RE ON! FORK
OVER THE
MONEY!



I DON'T HAVE IT
RIGHT NOW...I'LL
PAY YOU RIGHT AFTER
THE FIRST PER-
FORMANCE!



WELL...OKAY! BUT
IT'S "A DEAL OF
SKIMBLE-SKAMBLE
STUFF."



*"KING HENRY IV"

OH, BOY! I'M IN SHOW BIZ!
I'LL WIRE CLARABELLE
AND GOOFY TO COME AT
ONCE!



LATER...



SOMEONE
IS KNOCKING
AT THE
DOOR!

"NOT MANY
SOUNDS EXCEED
IN INTEREST
A KNOCK AT
THE DOOR."



*CHARLES LAMB

OH! IT'S A PIGEON-
GRAM! I HOPE IT'S
FROM SHAKEY BABY!



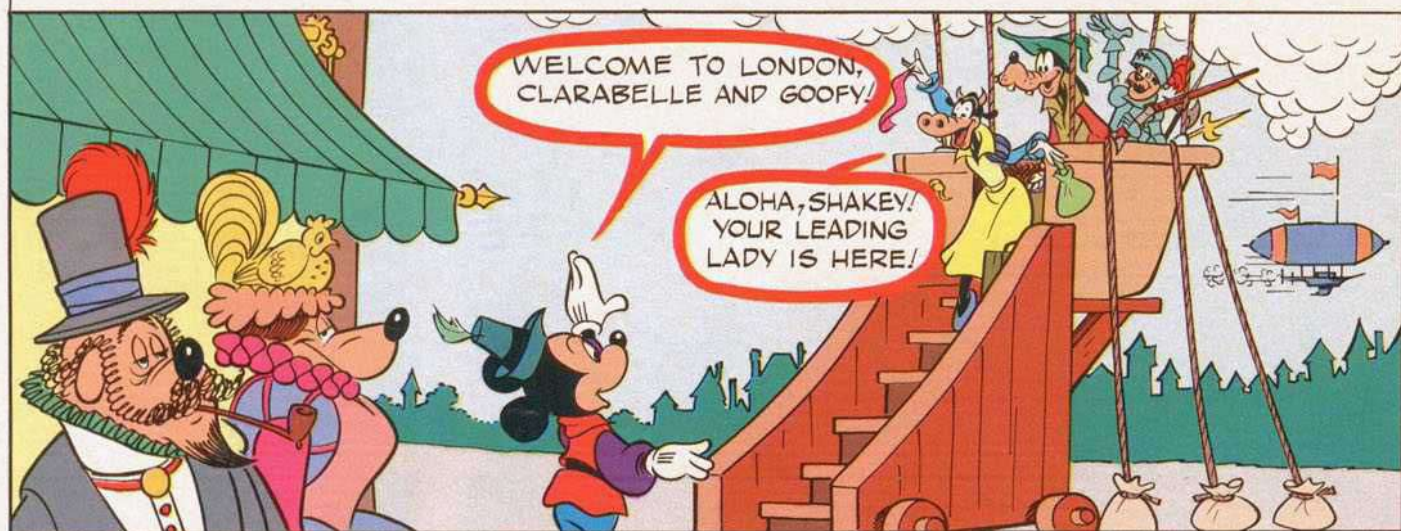
HAVE RENTED
THEATER STOP
COME AT
ONCE STOP
MICKEY
SHAKESPEARE

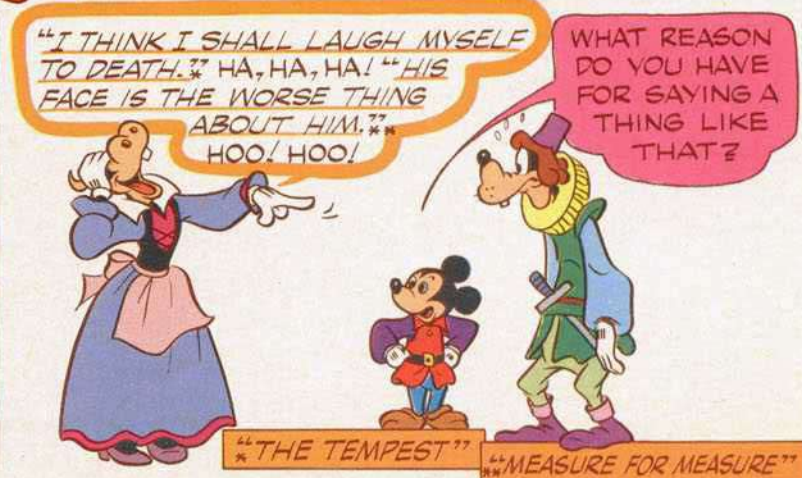
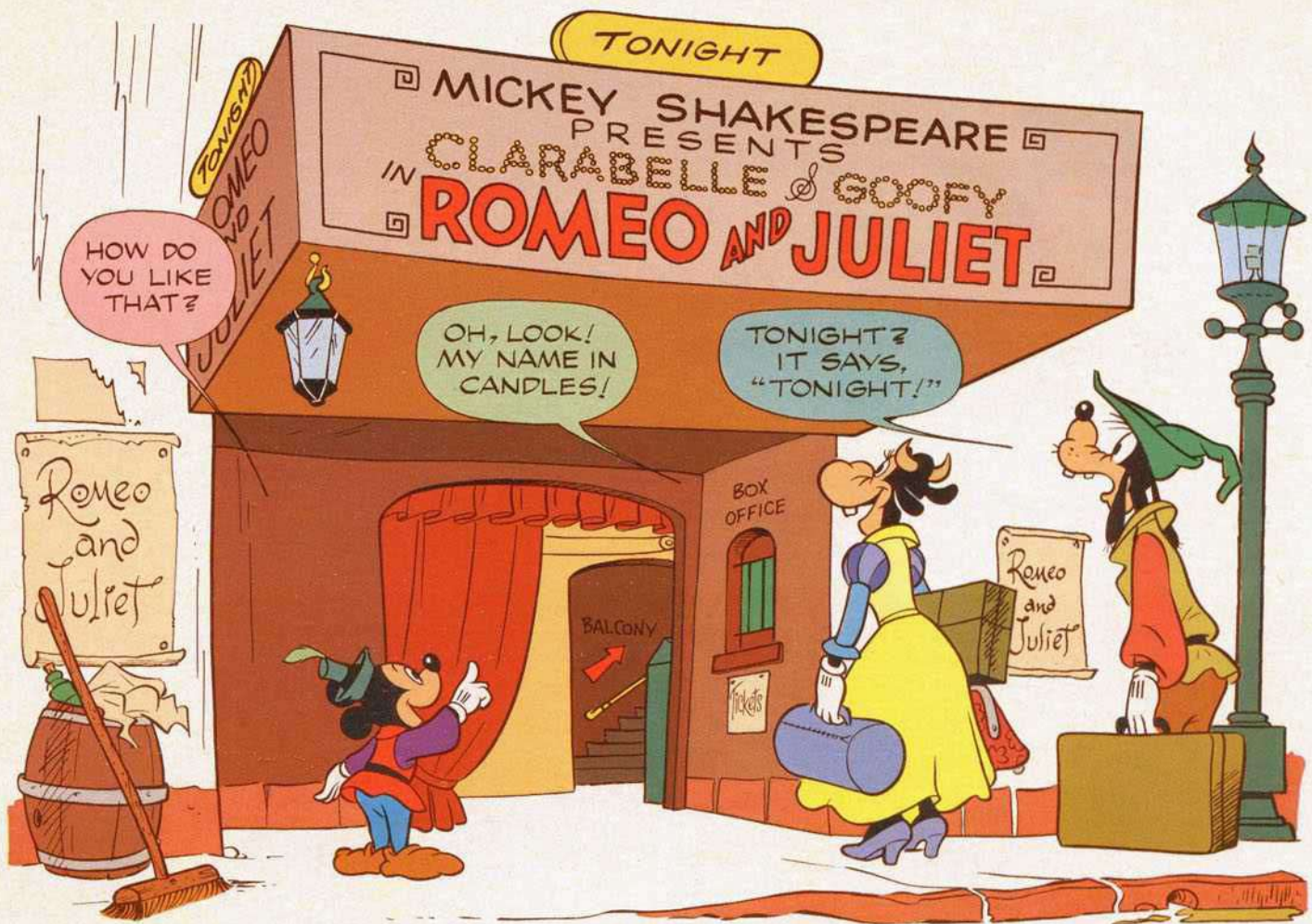
HE TELLS US TO COME AT ONCE!
THEN HE TELLS US TO STOP! I
DON'T GET IT!

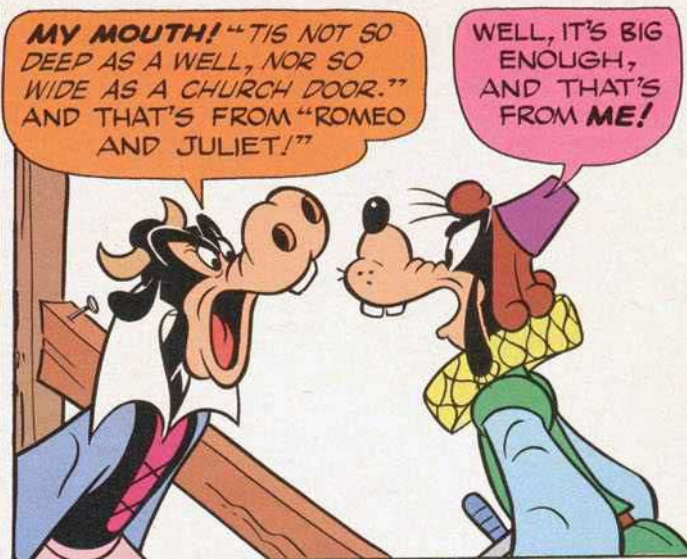
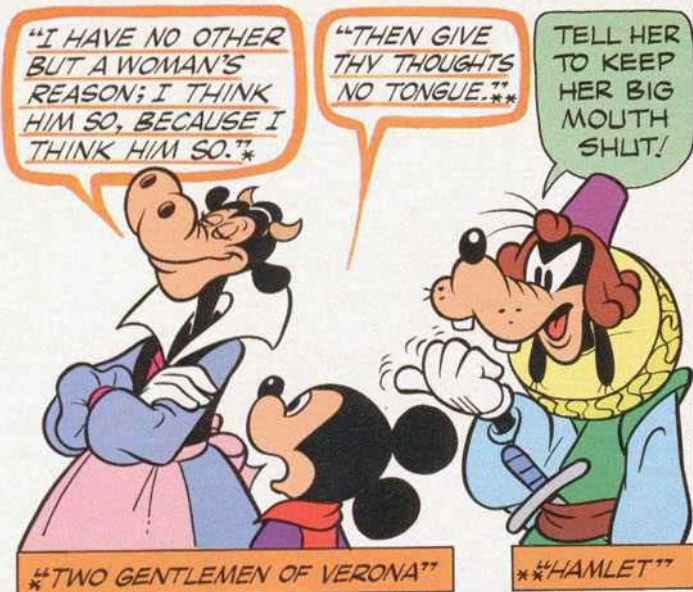
AN
"EXCELLENT
DUMB
DISCOURSE."
NOW
HURRY UP,
AND PACK!

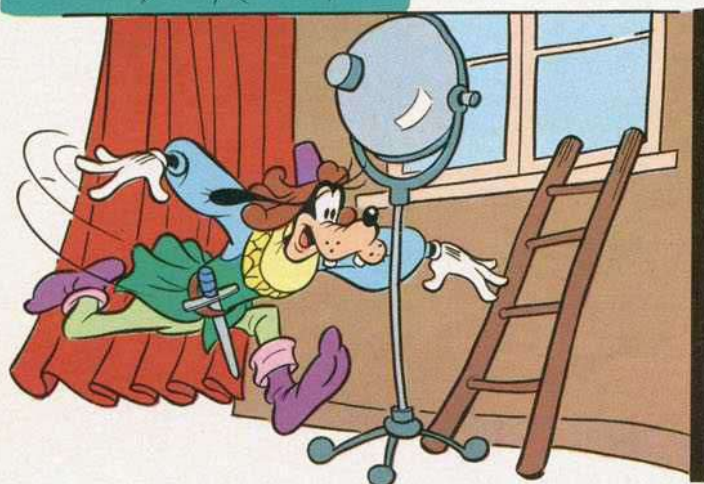


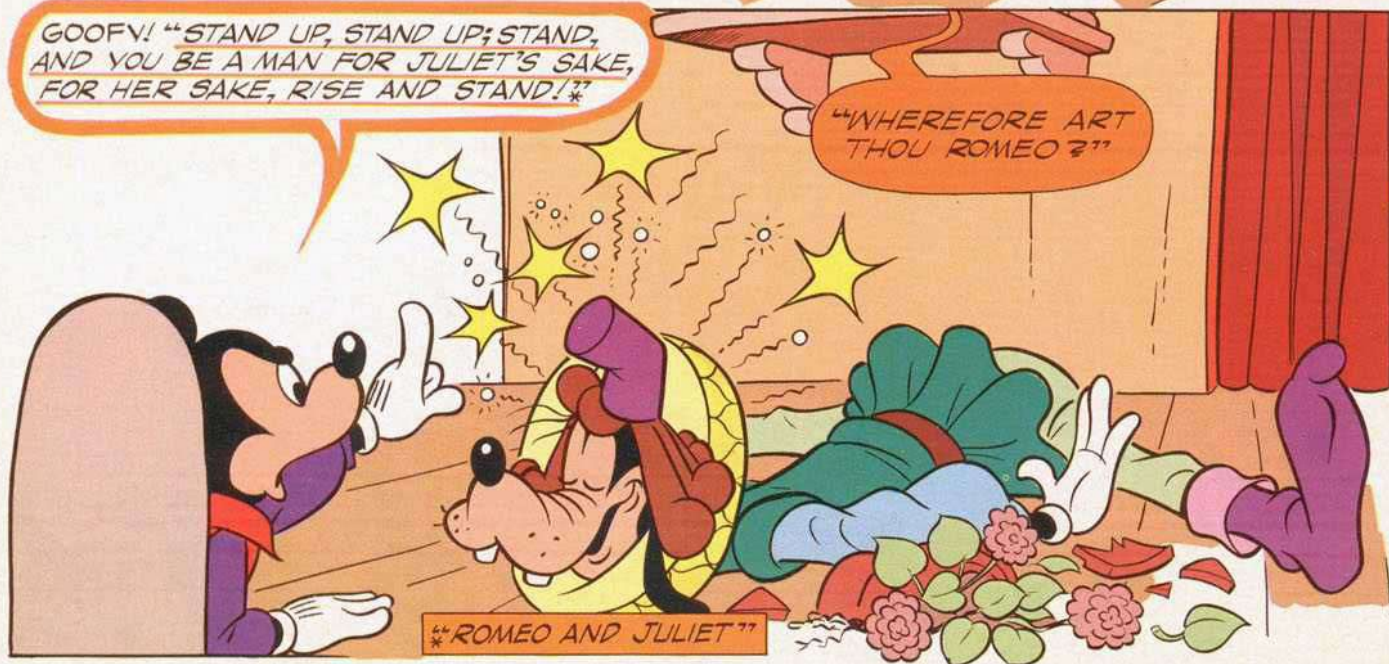
*"THE TEMPEST"

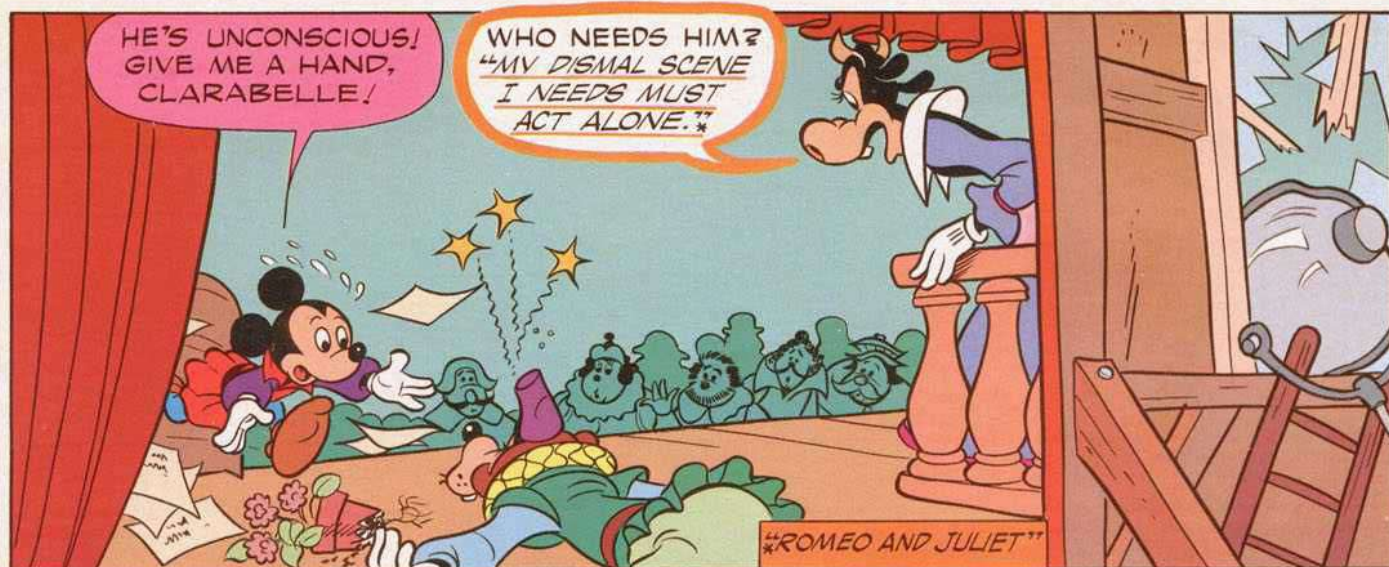








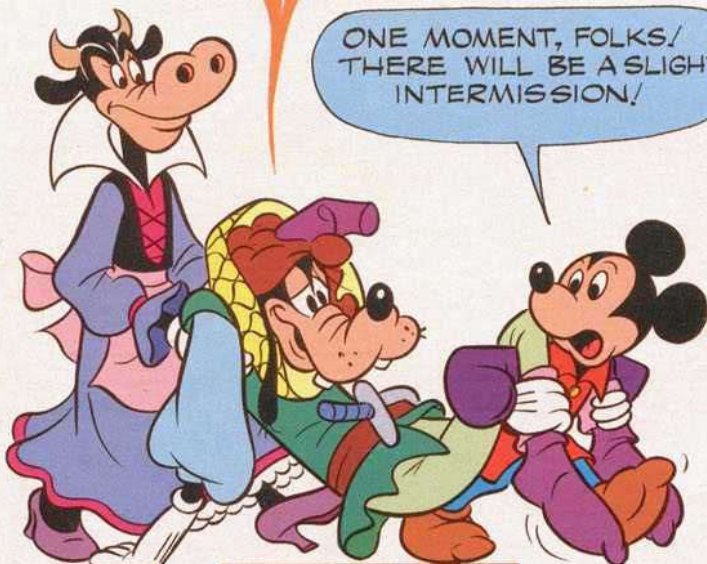




"WE ARE SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS
ARE MADE ON; AND OUR LITTLE
LIFE IS ROUNDED WITH A SLEEP."

ONE MOMENT, FOLKS!
THERE WILL BE A SLIGHT
INTERMISSION!

SOME PLAY THIS IS! IT
HASN'T EVEN STARTED AND
ALREADY WE HAVE AN
INTERMISSION!
BOO! BOO!



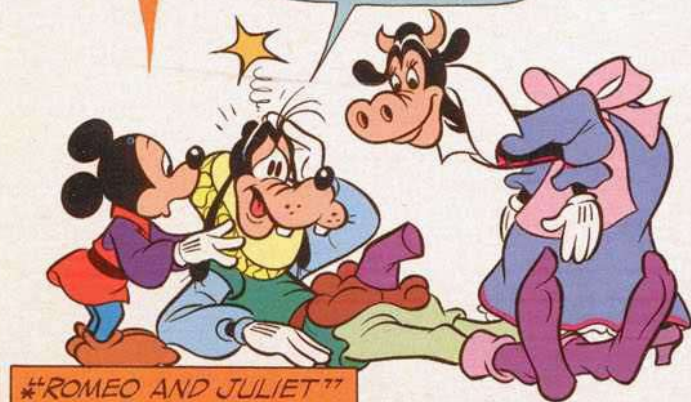
THE TEMPEST

"COURAGE, MAN:
THE HURT
CANNOT
BE MUCH."

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
CLARABELLE HIT ME ON
THE HEAD WITH THE FLOWER
POT! THAT'S NOT IN
THE PLAY!

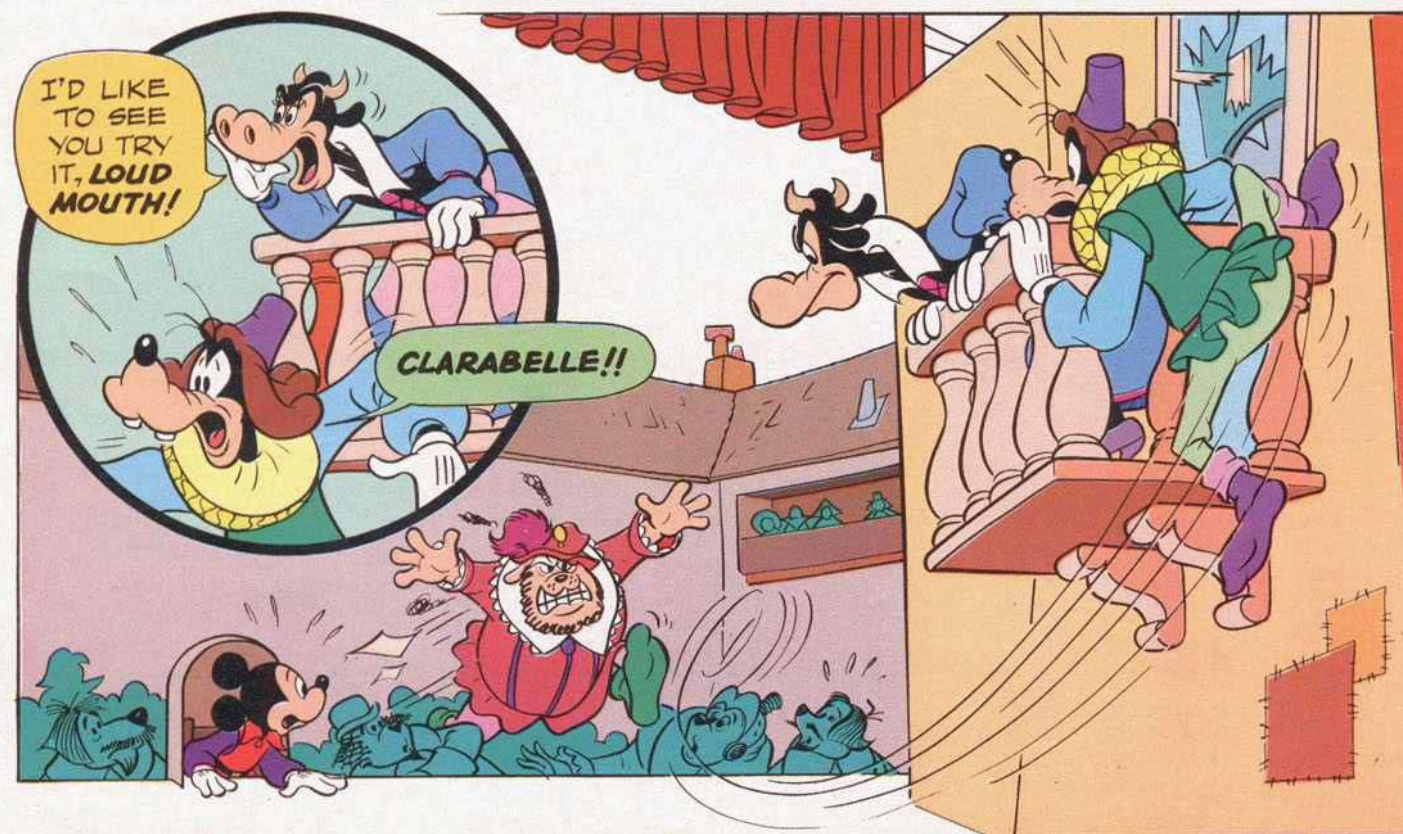
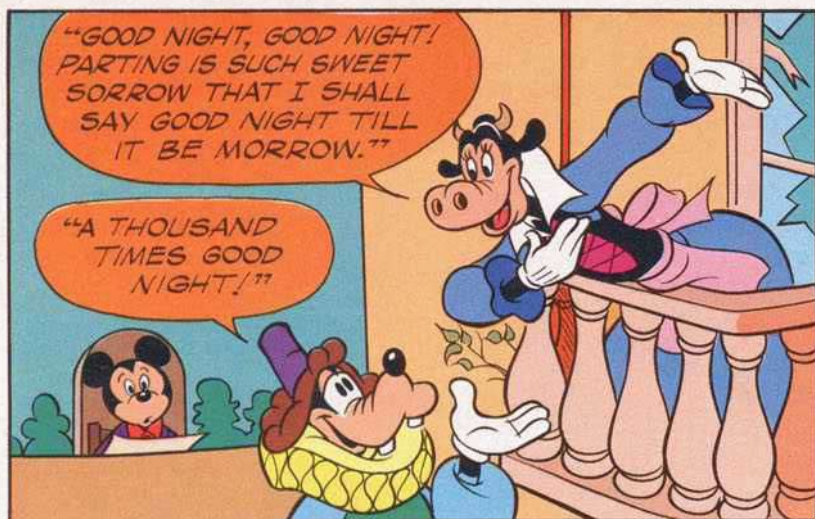
IT WAS AN
ACCIDENT,
ROMEO... I
MEAN, GOOFY!

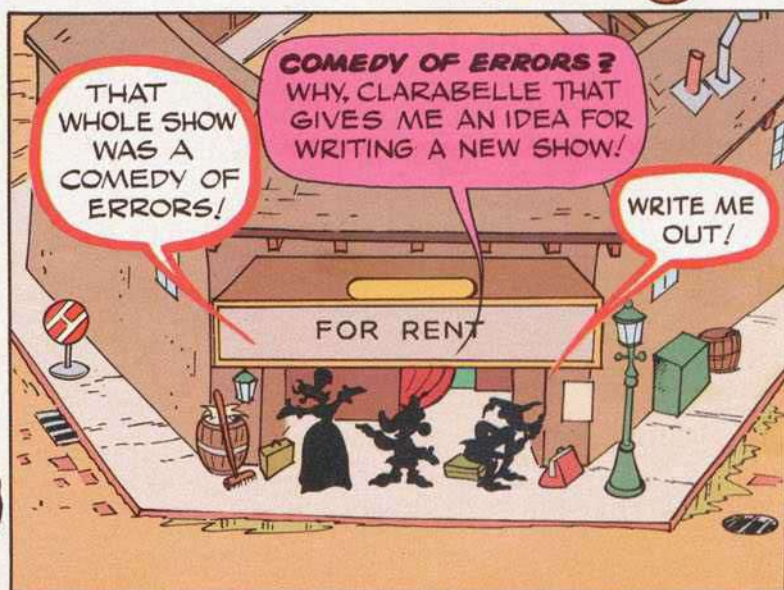
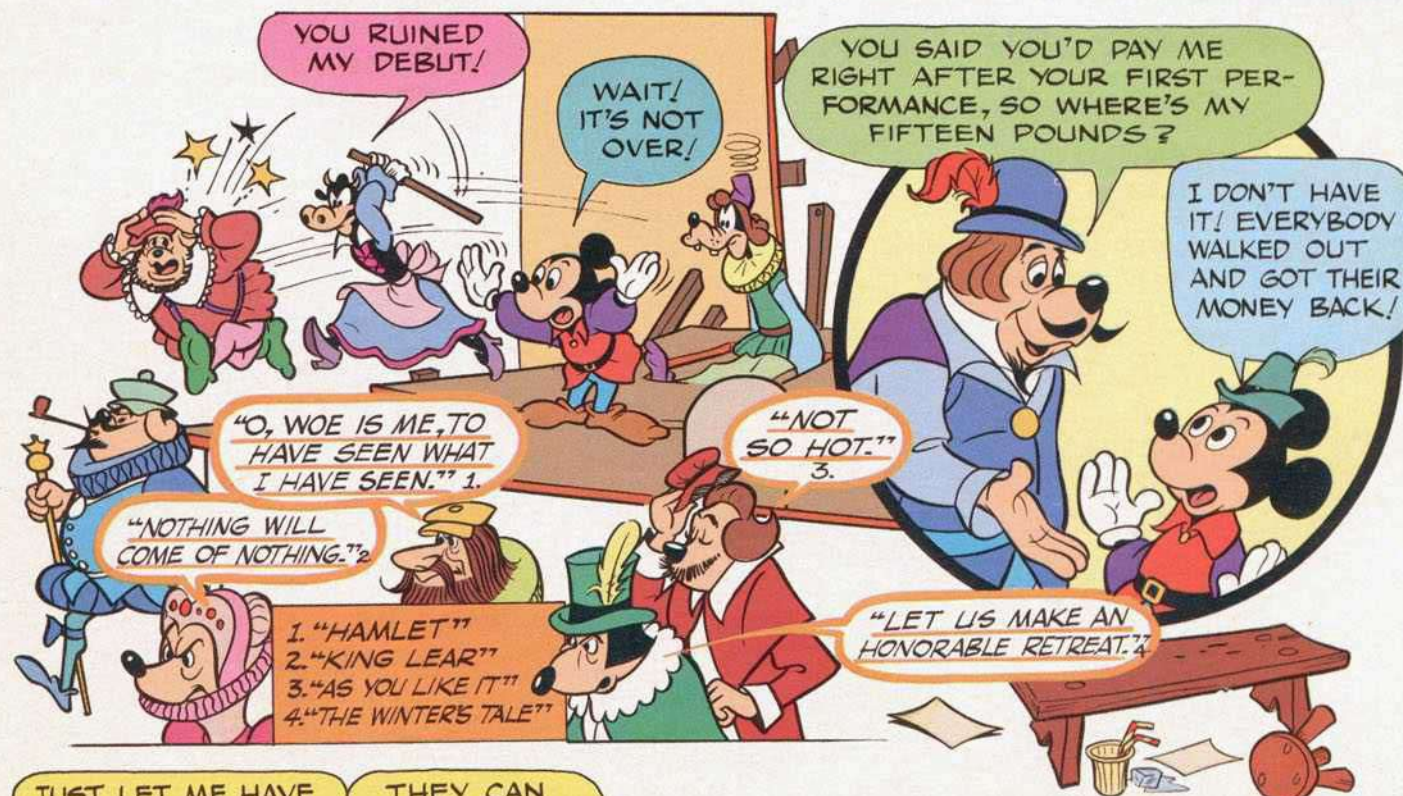
GET OUT THERE
AGAIN! WE'LL START
WITH, "PARTING IS
SUCH SWEET
SORROW."



ROMEO AND JULIET





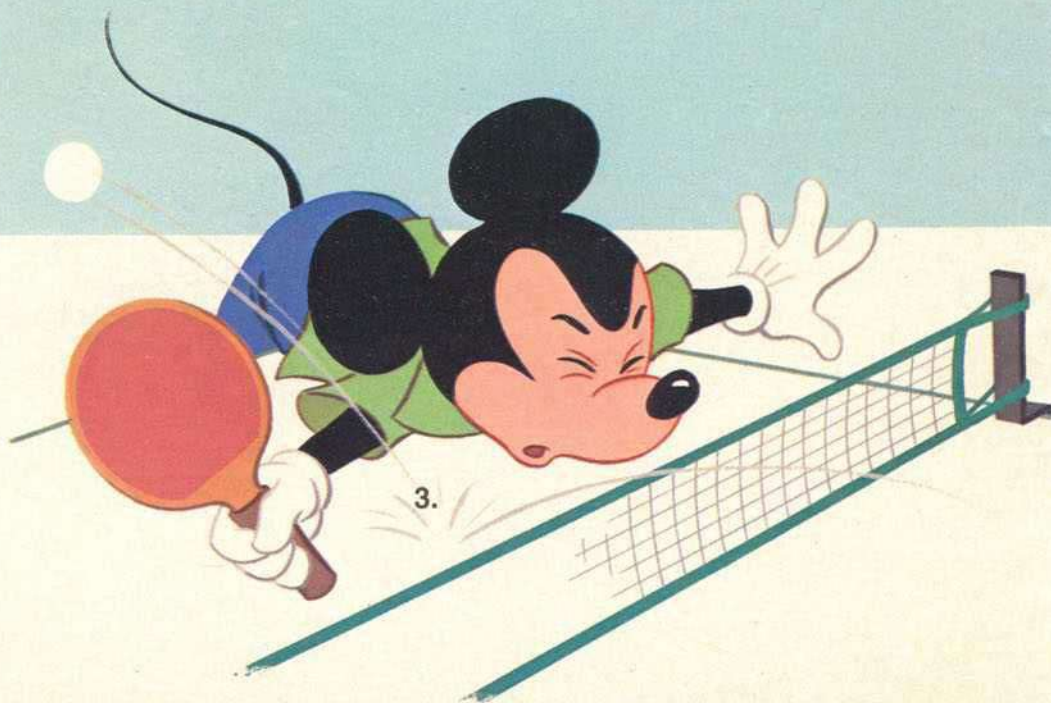


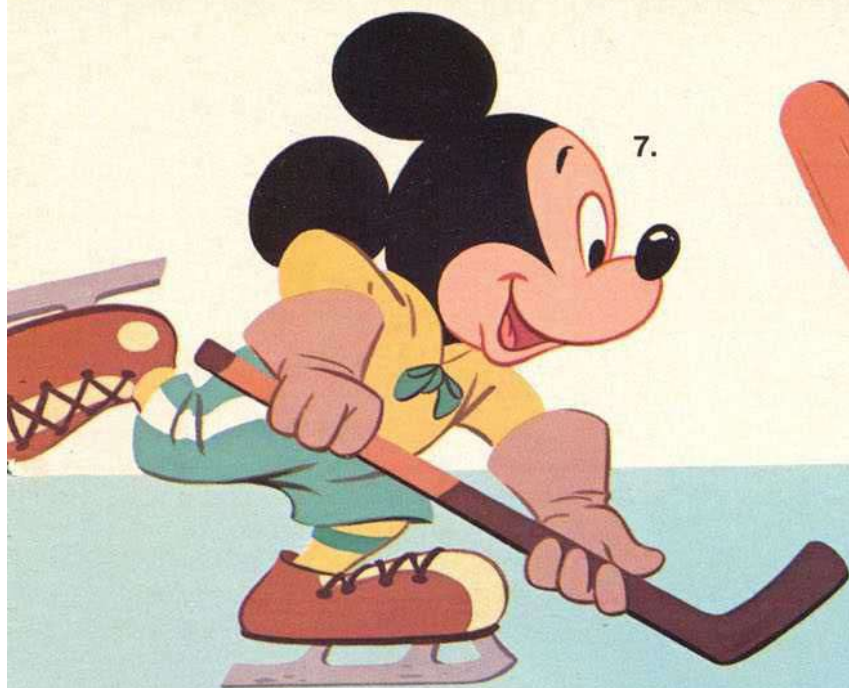


Mickey's SPORTSQUIZ



All right, sports fans! Here's a quiz for those of you who think you know your subject pretty well. Pictured on these pages is Mickey playing eight different games or sports. At right are eight words, each associated with one of the sports Mickey represents. In the numbered spaces below the words, identify each game that Mickey is playing, and match it with one of the eight words above. Give yourself 5 points for each game you correctly identify, and 5 points for each word matched up with the correct sport, for a total of 80 points. A score of 50 is passing, 60 is fair, 70 is excellent, and if you make 80—boy! Are you a sports fan!





DRIBBLE • PENALTY KICK • LOVE • PADDLE
FIRST DOWN • PUCK • BUNT • Mallet

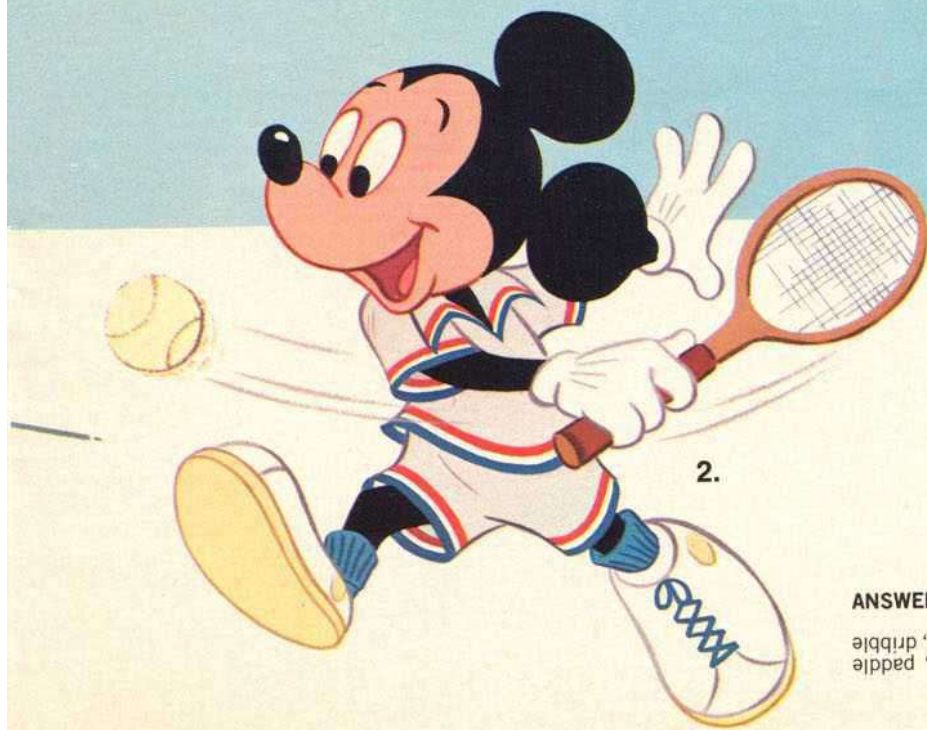
1. _____ 2. _____

3. _____ 4. _____

5. _____ 6. _____

7. _____ 8. _____

Answers below



ANSWERS:

1. Football, first down 2. Tennis, love 3. Ping Pong, paddle 4. Baseball, bunt 5. Soccer, penalty kick 6. Basketball, dribble 7. Hockey, puck 8. Croquet, mallet

NATURE'S FAMILY ALBUM

I am a coatimundi. You may never have heard of me, because I'm not often seen in North America. My home is the warm jungle or the semi-desert areas of Mexico and South America, although I do roam as far north as Arizona.

I'm not very large—half of my fifty-inch length is tail. It's my nose that gives me my scientific name, *Nasua narica*, meaning "the nosey one." For I am a very curious animal. I

use my long, flexible snout to "nose" about in search of anything interesting. I find food the most interesting, of course, and I'm not fussy about my diet. I eat almost anything: small animals, eggs, insects, berries, roots and nuts.

My favorite food, however, is the iguana, the tree lizard. The iguana is very sly and tries not to be caught, sitting extremely still on the limb of a tree. I approach stealthily, and when I am almost on top of the lizard, he drops to the ground below, then scampers off to another tree. You see, if I'm hunting alone, my dinner can get away. But sometimes I hunt with other coatimundis. When we hunt together, some of us stay on the ground at the



Daytime is my time—nighttime, too, but I'd rather hunt and play during the day and sleep at night, unlike my northern cousin, the raccoon.



the Coatimundi

Animal Autobiography

foot of the tree to catch the iguana when he falls. Coatimundis aren't stupid.

You may have noticed that I look a little like a raccoon. We are related, you know. If you look carefully at my handsome face, you'll see a faint mask, resembling that of my raccoon cousin. The two white spots below and alongside each eye are coatimundi characteristics.

I'm a nervous type, constantly moving. Sometimes I sleep at night, sometimes during the day. I can sleep in trees or in dens or in rock crevices—we coatimundis are not terribly particular about our accommodations. And since we live in warm climates, our young can be born at any time of the year. A female "coati" may bear from three to five young at a time. The baby coatis are able to take care of themselves three or four months after birth.

If you're ever in Mexico or South America, keep an eye out for me. But make it a sharp eye—I'm pretty fast on my feet, you know.

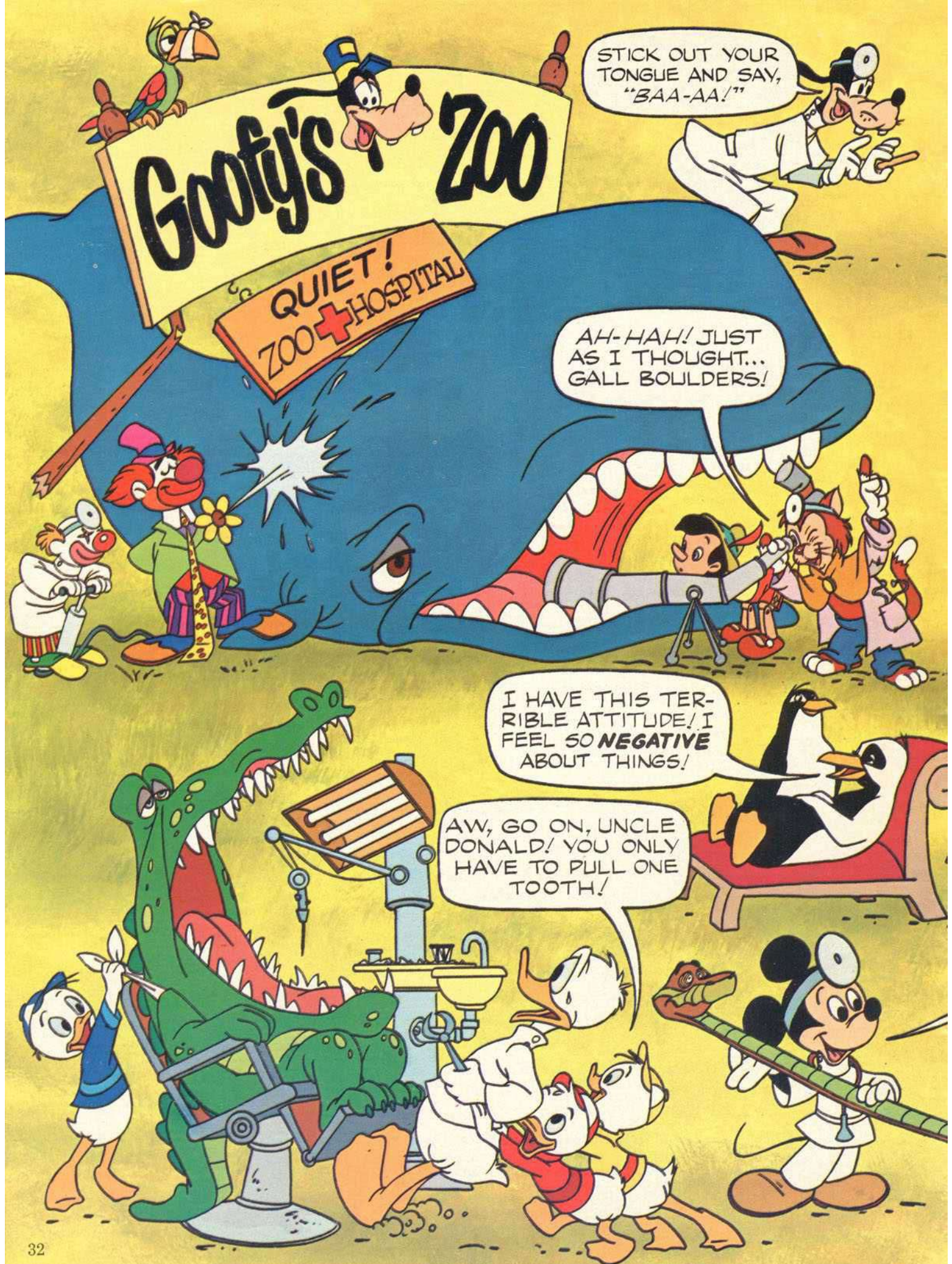


Well, there's a tasty-looking snack a few branches up—mmm! Now, if it just doesn't move...



Oh, well, you can't win 'em all.





CONGRATULATIONS!
IT'S **TWINS!**

MATERNITY

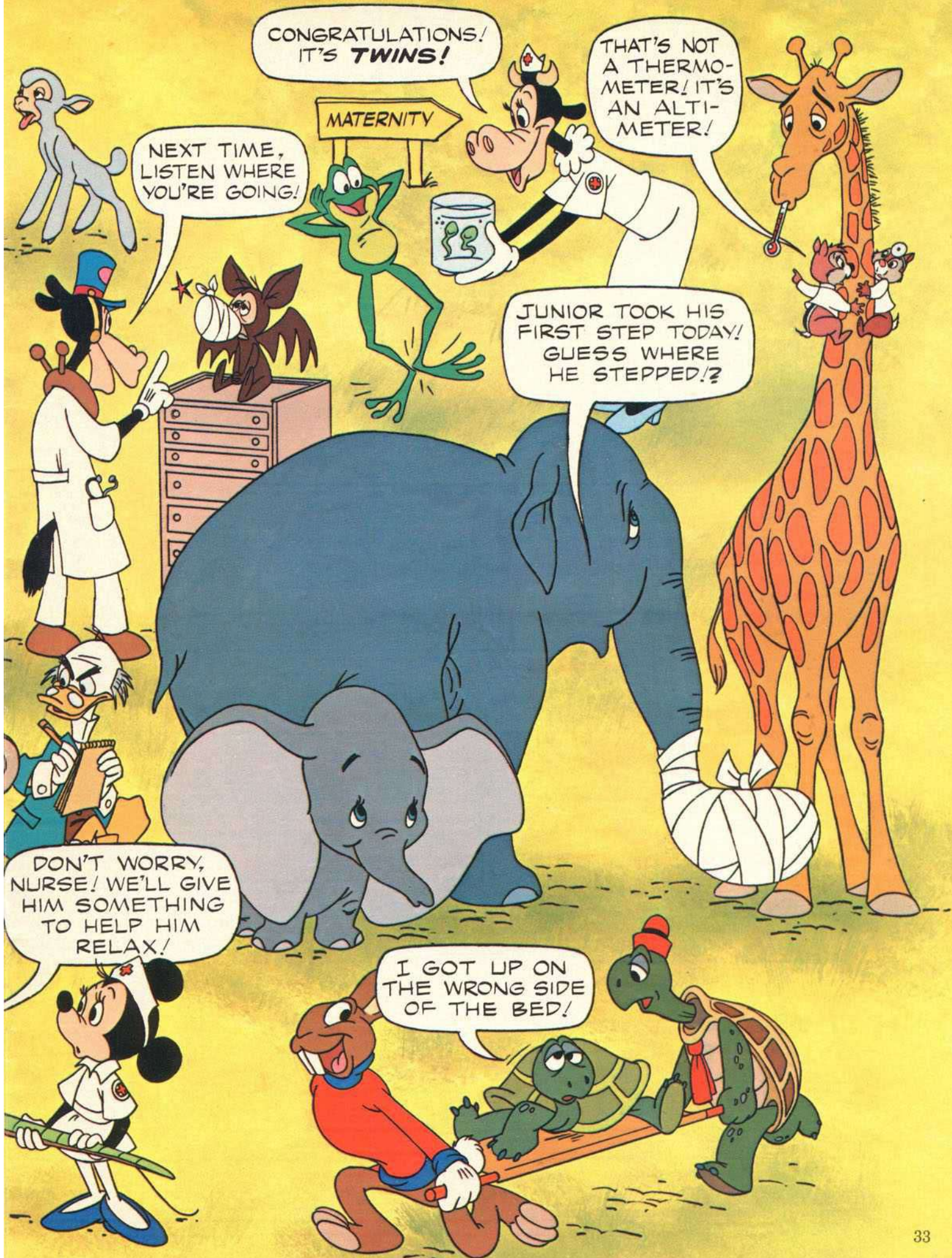
NEXT TIME,
LISTEN WHERE
YOU'RE GOING!

THAT'S NOT
A THERMO-
METER! IT'S
AN ALTI-
METER!

JUNIOR TOOK HIS
FIRST STEP TODAY!
GUESS WHERE
HE STEPPED!?

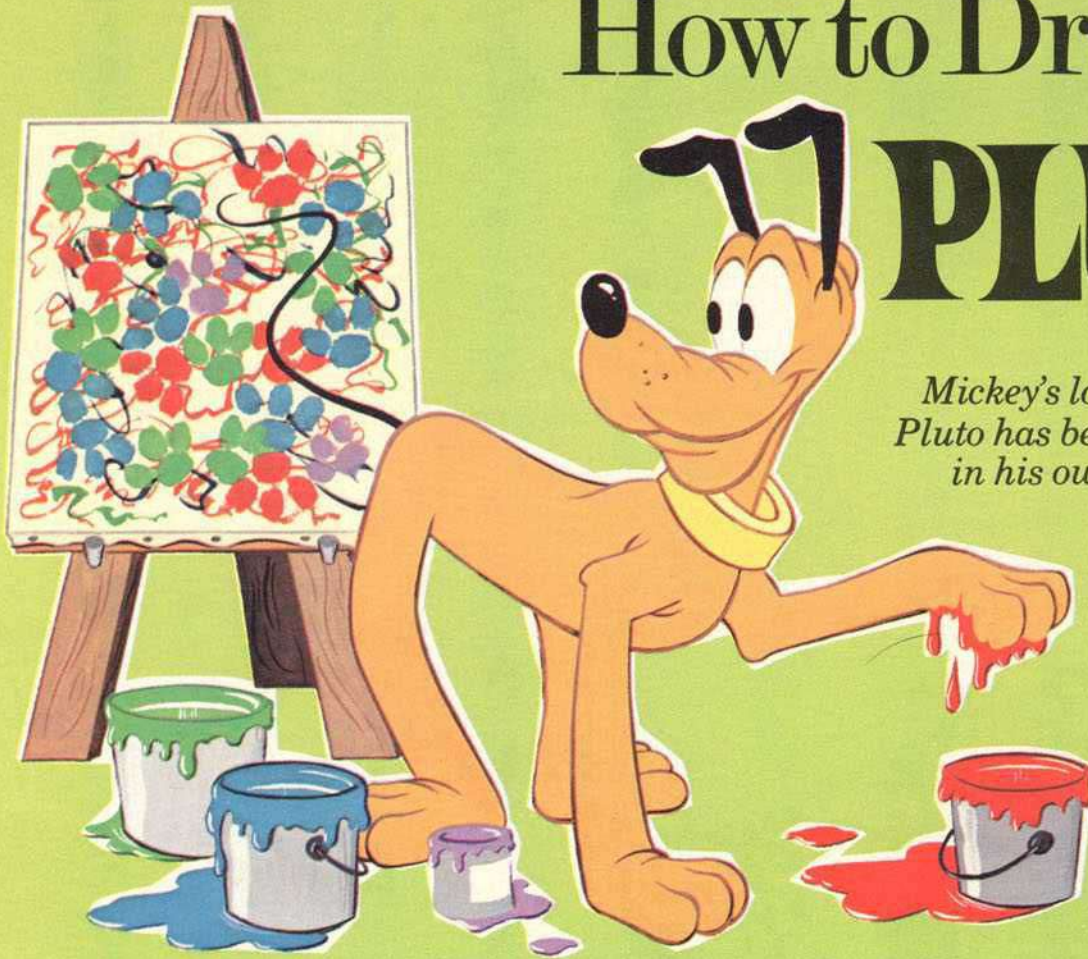
DON'T WORRY,
NURSE! WE'LL GIVE
HIM SOMETHING
TO HELP HIM
RELAX!

I GOT UP ON
THE WRONG SIDE
OF THE BED!



How to Draw PLUTO

*Mickey's loyal hound
Pluto has become a star
in his own right.*



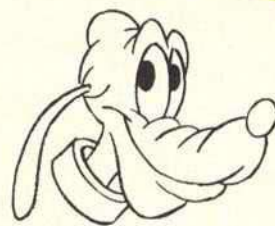
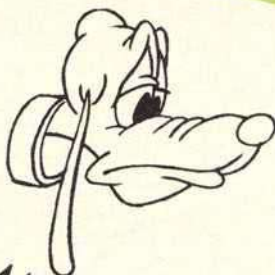
Pluto the Pup and Mickey Mouse have been friends for a long time—ever since 1931, when Pluto first appeared as Mickey's pet hound in "The Moose Hunt." Since then, Pluto has been Mickey's faithful companion, although he's probably gotten Mickey into more scrapes than out. Pluto never means to make trouble—it just takes him a little longer to figure out a situation. Still, he's a lovable pup, mostly

because he's always loyal to Mickey and eager to please.

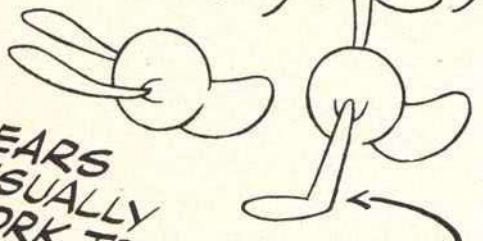
Drawing Pluto is quite a challenge, because he doesn't talk. Consequently, his whole body, from nose to tail, is used to express his every emotion. Remember, too, that his hind legs are jointed more like a human's than a dog's. With those two facts in mind, sharpen your pencil. Ready? Draw!



**HERE IS PLUTO IN A
JUMPING ACTION!**



TYPICAL PLUTO POSES AND EXPRESSIONS!



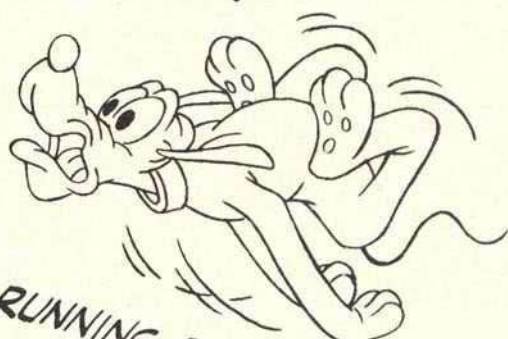
EARS USUALLY WORK TOGETHER — EXCEPT!



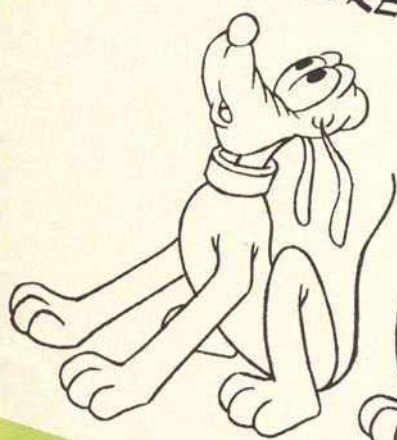
↑ THE YAWN-STRETCH!



HERE'S HOW PLUTO LOOKS AT REST!



PLUTO RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE!



APPLYING THE BRAKES!



CATS!
CATS!
CATS!
CATS!
CATS!



Once upon a time, in the Land of the Rising Sun, there lived a very smart boy named Taru. His family was poor, so all the children helped their father work on his small farm. But Taru was seldom found working in the fields. He had one fault, you see: he liked to draw cats. No one knew why.

He could have drawn dragons (like most boys his age), or he could have designed kites. But he liked to draw cats. To tell the truth, he was quite good at it.

His cats were so lifelike you could almost hear them purr. He drew them all delightfully round, well-fed and furry. He would draw them cleaning their faces, arching their backs, rolling, sitting, and sleeping.

There was one problem with Taru's cats, however: where he drew them. He drew them all over the sliding screens in his house, he drew them in his mother's porcelain bowls, he drew them in the margins of all his schoolbooks. In fact, he drew them on any empty surface he could find. Luckily, he always used charcoal, which rubs off. So, every evening, his mother would make him go around and clean off all the cats he had drawn that day.

Taru would have been happy to go through life drawing cats every spare moment, but his father wanted him to

learn a trade. "We shall send Taru to the village school," he said to his wife. "They shall teach him to read and write. Then, perhaps, he will stop drawing cats on everything!"

So, at the end of the week, Taru and his father set off toward the village. It was a beautiful day, and Taru was very excited about his new life. "What will I do at the school, Father?" he asked repeatedly. But his father would only shrug. He couldn't bring himself to spoil the boy's good spirits with the news that he would no longer be able to draw cats.

When they arrived at the school, the sun was setting. Its red and gold rays spread over the schoolgrounds, lighting the pine trees and pathways with a fiery glow. Taru thought it was the most beautiful place he had ever seen. He was thrilled when his father greeted the Headmaster and introduced his son.

After begging the old teacher to accept Taru as a student, his father said, "The boy has only one real fault." He paused, took a deep breath, and blurted out, "He draws cats! All the time!"

The Headmaster, who had expected to

hear that this boy was given to fits of giggling during classroom discussions, was quite relieved. "Is that all?" he asked. "Please don't worry. We are most happy to undertake your son's education. He will be much too busy studying and meditating upon the joy of life to even think of drawing cats!"

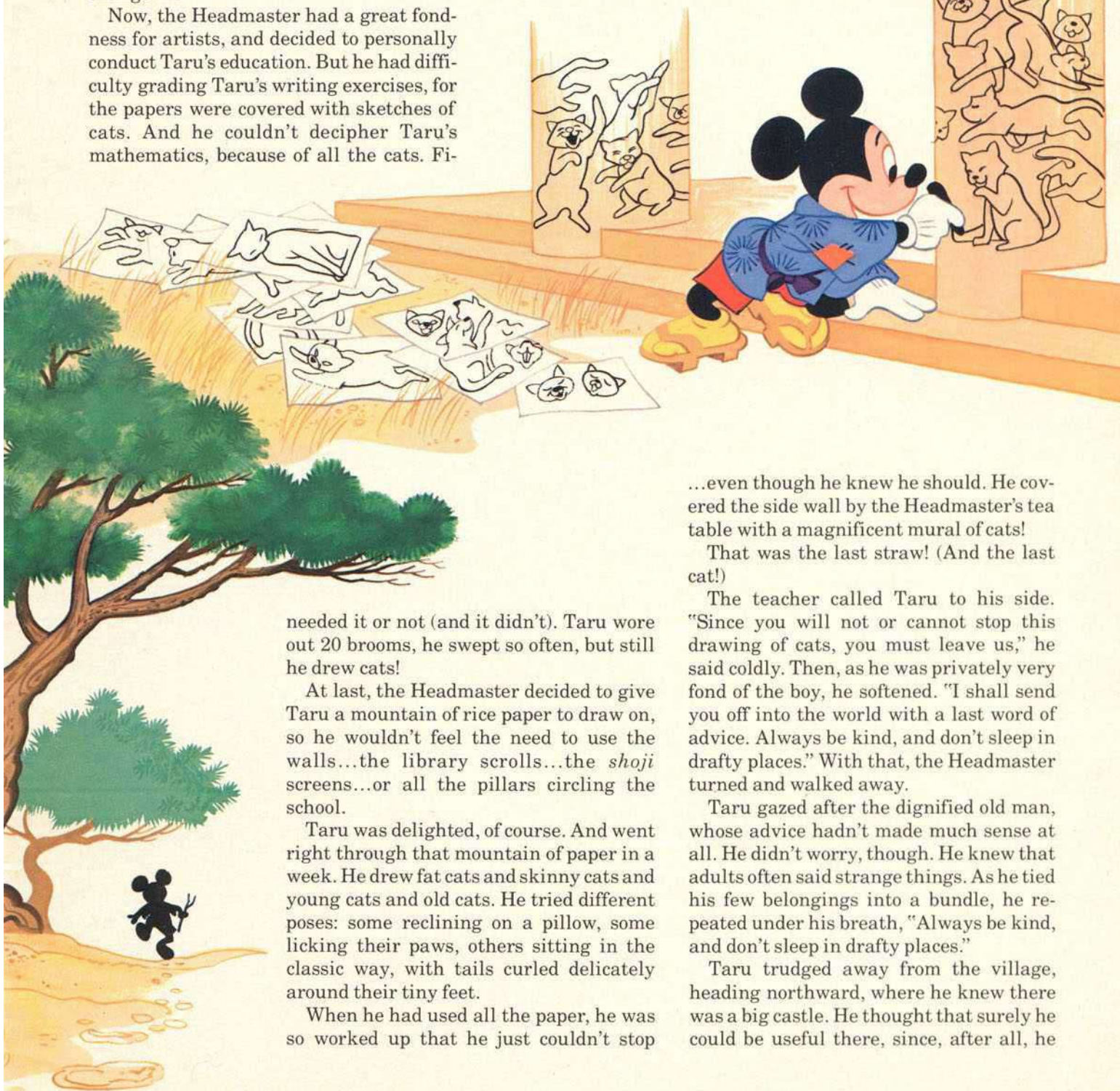
Taru's father bowed deeply, thanked the teacher as formally as he knew how, and hurried away before the old man could change his mind.

Now, the Headmaster had a great fondness for artists, and decided to personally conduct Taru's education. But he had difficulty grading Taru's writing exercises, for the papers were covered with sketches of cats. And he couldn't decipher Taru's mathematics, because of all the cats. Fi-

nally, he decided he would have to teach Taru to draw in the right place at the right time.

First, the old teacher tried a rather harsh method. He tied Taru's drawing hand behind his back. But Taru learned to draw with his left hand.

The next method was even more severe. For every cat that Taru drew in the wrong place at the wrong time, he had to sweep the schoolroom ten times, whether it



needed it or not (and it didn't). Taru wore out 20 brooms, he swept so often, but still he drew cats!

At last, the Headmaster decided to give Taru a mountain of rice paper to draw on, so he wouldn't feel the need to use the walls...the library scrolls...the *shoji* screens...or all the pillars circling the school.

Taru was delighted, of course. And went right through that mountain of paper in a week. He drew fat cats and skinny cats and young cats and old cats. He tried different poses: some reclining on a pillow, some licking their paws, others sitting in the classic way, with tails curled delicately around their tiny feet.

When he had used all the paper, he was so worked up that he just couldn't stop

...even though he knew he should. He covered the side wall by the Headmaster's tea table with a magnificent mural of cats!

That was the last straw! (And the last cat!)

The teacher called Taru to his side. "Since you will not or cannot stop this drawing of cats, you must leave us," he said coldly. Then, as he was privately very fond of the boy, he softened. "I shall send you off into the world with a last word of advice. Always be kind, and don't sleep in drafty places." With that, the Headmaster turned and walked away.

Taru gazed after the dignified old man, whose advice hadn't made much sense at all. He didn't worry, though. He knew that adults often said strange things. As he tied his few belongings into a bundle, he repeated under his breath, "Always be kind, and don't sleep in drafty places."

Taru trudged away from the village, heading northward, where he knew there was a big castle. He thought that surely he could be useful there, since, after all, he

did know how to read and write. He might even persuade the prince to let him draw a few cats! Taru walked and walked, pausing only to draw a cat on a rock here or on a tree there. He stopped so many times that it was pitch-dark by the time he reached the castle at Shiraito.

Taru rang the door gong, but nothing stirred inside the castle walls. Curious, he pushed on the door, which opened with a groan. There was only one blue lantern lit in the center of the room. The candles in the castle were burned down and thick grey dust covered the floor.

"This is very odd," thought Taru. He knew what importance royalty placed on cleanliness. After looking in several other rooms, he concluded that everyone must have gone on a pilgrimage. He decided to put his best foot forward and clean the castle from top to bottom before the royal family returned. Finding candles and a broom in the storage closet, Taru began to tidy the main room, just as he had been taught.

By the time he finished, Taru was very tired and hungry. "I hope the royal family comes back tomorrow," he thought. "I'll show the prince how hard I work, and beg him to let me stay. How I would love a warm bowl of rice to go with the dried fish and seaweed I brought with me!" Just then, Taru noticed something—a wonderful, long, smooth, white *shoji* screen.

He was no longer hungry, and he forgot that he was tired. He took out his bit of charcoal and began drawing the most enchanting cats! There were gentle cats purring, fluffy cats washing up, and skinny cats stretching. He drew tiger cats chasing their tails and kitty cats yawning. Finally, he became so sleepy he could no longer hold the charcoal and looked around for a place to sleep. He gazed at the shadows dancing against the high ceiling and remembered the old teacher's parting advice: "Don't sleep in drafty places." Remembering the storage closet, he decided to sleep there. He climbed inside, shut the door, and fell fast asleep on a pile of rags.

As he slept, the blue light from the single lantern flickered over Taru's drawings, causing the cats to appear to be dancing all over the screen. An eerie silence fell over the castle.

Taru couldn't have known, but this particular castle had been terrorized for months by a fearsome ogre. The wicked

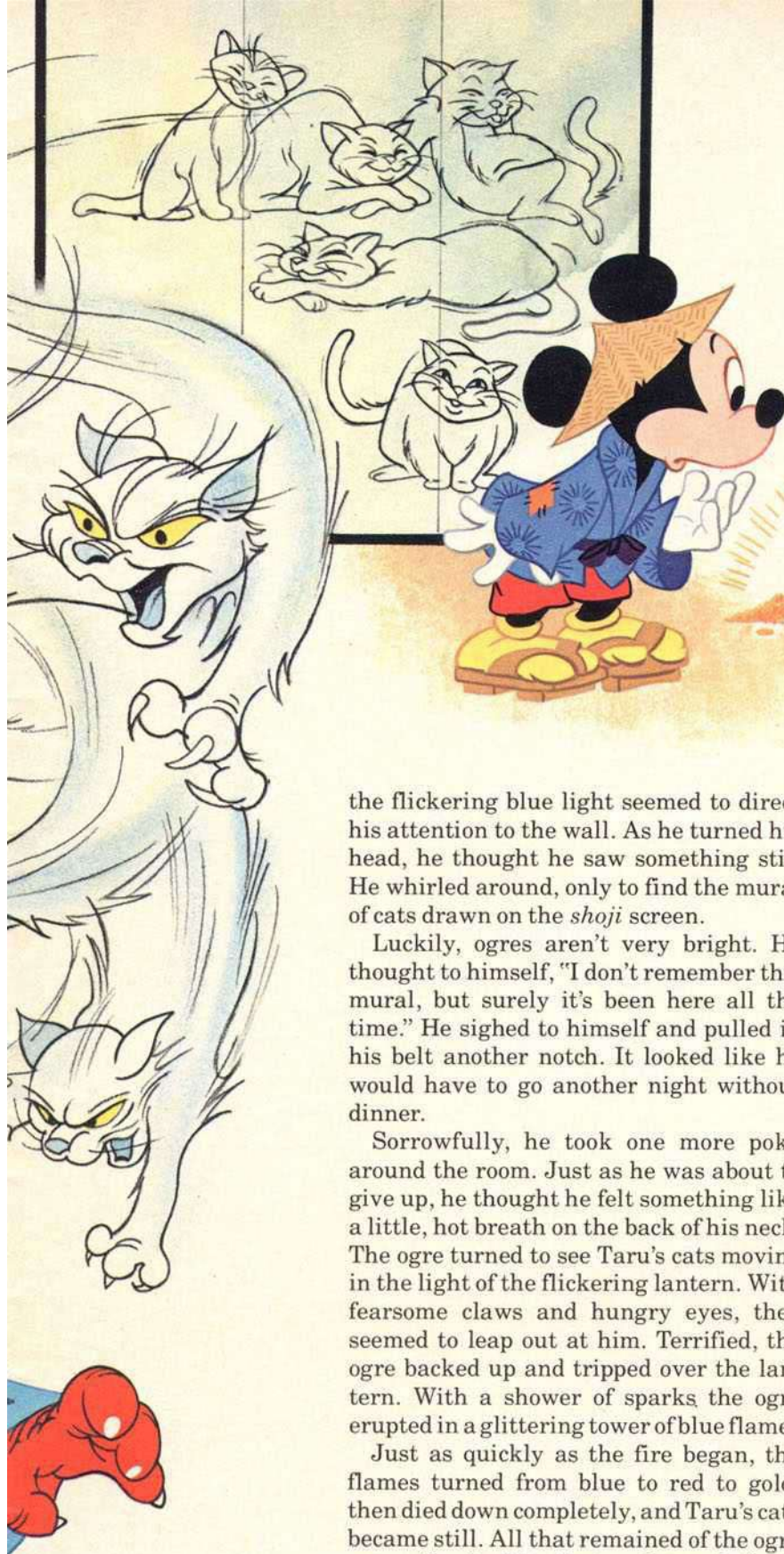
creature had appeared one night, right in the middle of the evening meal. The prince was annoyed at first, and tried everything to scare him away. When nothing could budge him, the royal family became truly afraid, and the ogre's awful face, with its bulging eyes and wide sneering grin, turned from red to blue. He grabbed for the first courtier handy but failed to catch him, and all the members of the court ran away. So the ogre moved into the castle and lit the blue lantern every night to attract unwary travelers.

The prince appealed to a neighboring local lord for help. He sent three of his fiercest warriors to rout the ogre. Unfortunately, the ogre, who was not only very ugly, but very strong, with stout little legs and arms, easily jumped out of reach of even the longest sword. Then he worked up a storm of blue ogre dust and the swordsmen, who couldn't see a thing, turned and fled.

Since that time, in spite of the inviting blue light, only an occasional traveler fell into the ogre's trap. Most people had heard about the beast, and avoided the castle. You can imagine how hungry the ogre was the night of Taru's arrival.

As the hour struck midnight, the ogre suddenly appeared in the middle of the main room. His red face threatened to turn blue from rage when he looked around for a sleeping body and found none. Just then,





the flickering blue light seemed to direct his attention to the wall. As he turned his head, he thought he saw something stir. He whirled around, only to find the mural of cats drawn on the *shoji* screen.

Luckily, ogres aren't very bright. He thought to himself, "I don't remember this mural, but surely it's been here all the time." He sighed to himself and pulled in his belt another notch. It looked like he would have to go another night without dinner.

Sorrowfully, he took one more poke around the room. Just as he was about to give up, he thought he felt something like a little, hot breath on the back of his neck. The ogre turned to see Taru's cats moving in the light of the flickering lantern. With fearsome claws and hungry eyes, they seemed to leap out at him. Terrified, the ogre backed up and tripped over the lantern. With a shower of sparks the ogre erupted in a glittering tower of blue flame.

Just as quickly as the fire began, the flames turned from blue to red to gold, then died down completely, and Taru's cats became still. All that remained of the ogre was a pile of golden dust on the castle floor.

The next morning, Taru awoke, unaware of the uproar that had taken place during the night. All he knew was that he was *very* hungry. He decided to ask the townspeople for breakfast.

Taru rang the castle gong loud and



clear, and the townspeople awoke. Quickly, they dressed and thronged to the castle grounds. They didn't know whether the ogre had set a new trap, or if the prince had come back to his castle.

Presently, a boy appeared at the castle gate. "Hello, good people," he said, as he started down the path. "Can you spare breakfast for a poor, hungry traveler?" Instead of answering him, the people clustered around him, asking about the ogre.

"Ogre?" said Taru. "I know nothing of any ogre." The townspeople entered the castle and saw the golden dust on the floor.

"Ogre dust!" they cried. "The ogre has been vanquished!" At that, they noticed the *shoji* screen, and gazed upon the cat drawings. Taru looked, too. His cats seemed somehow different—they looked fatter than he had drawn them, and wore pleased, well-fed smiles on their faces.

"Who has drawn these marvelous cats?" asked the people. "Was it you, small boy?"

Taru nodded, and was immediately hoisted upon their shoulders. The townspeople, of course, immediately figured out that it was Taru's magically drawn cats that had routed the ogre, and they begged him to remain with them.

And so he did. When the prince returned, he appointed Taru to be Royal Artist, and soon he and his drawings of cats were known far and wide. He grew to be an old and respected artist, giving away his good-luck drawings of cats to all who visited him.

Simply Said



STAYING AHEAD OF THE GAME
Remaining in control of the situation.



BURNING THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS
Doing two opposite things at once; exhausting your energies.



KEEPING A STIFF UPPER LIP
Bearing with difficulties and danger with fortitude.





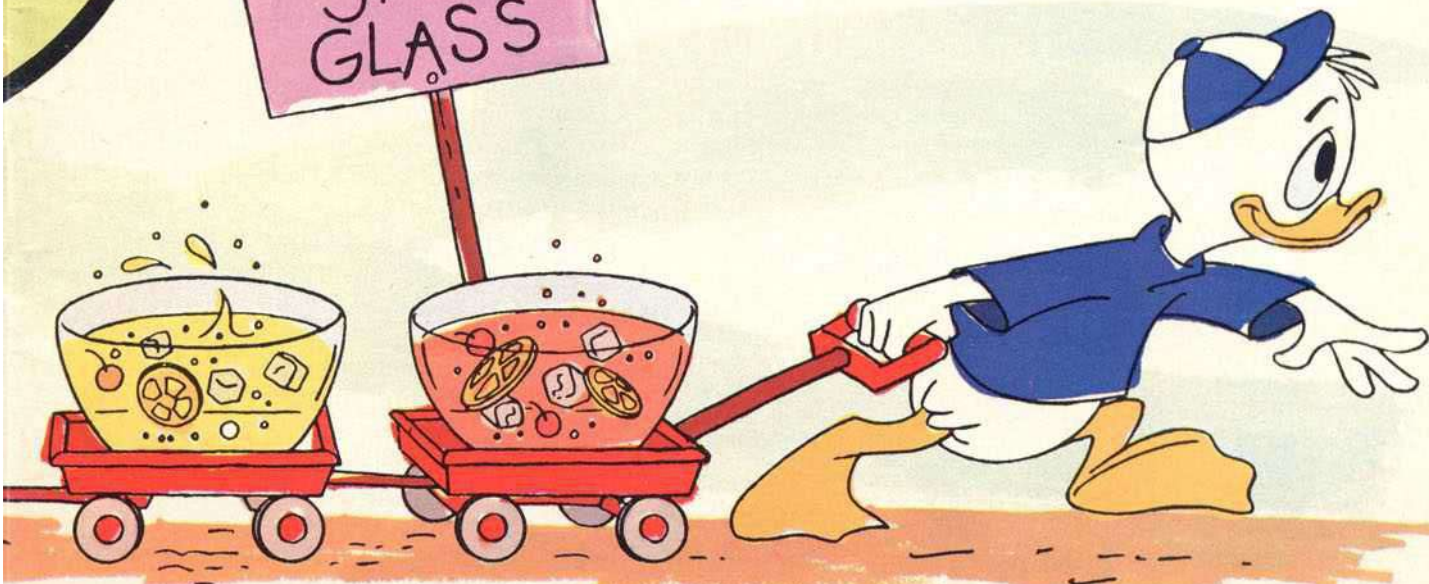
PUTTING UP A FUSS
Causing a difficulty;
making an objection.



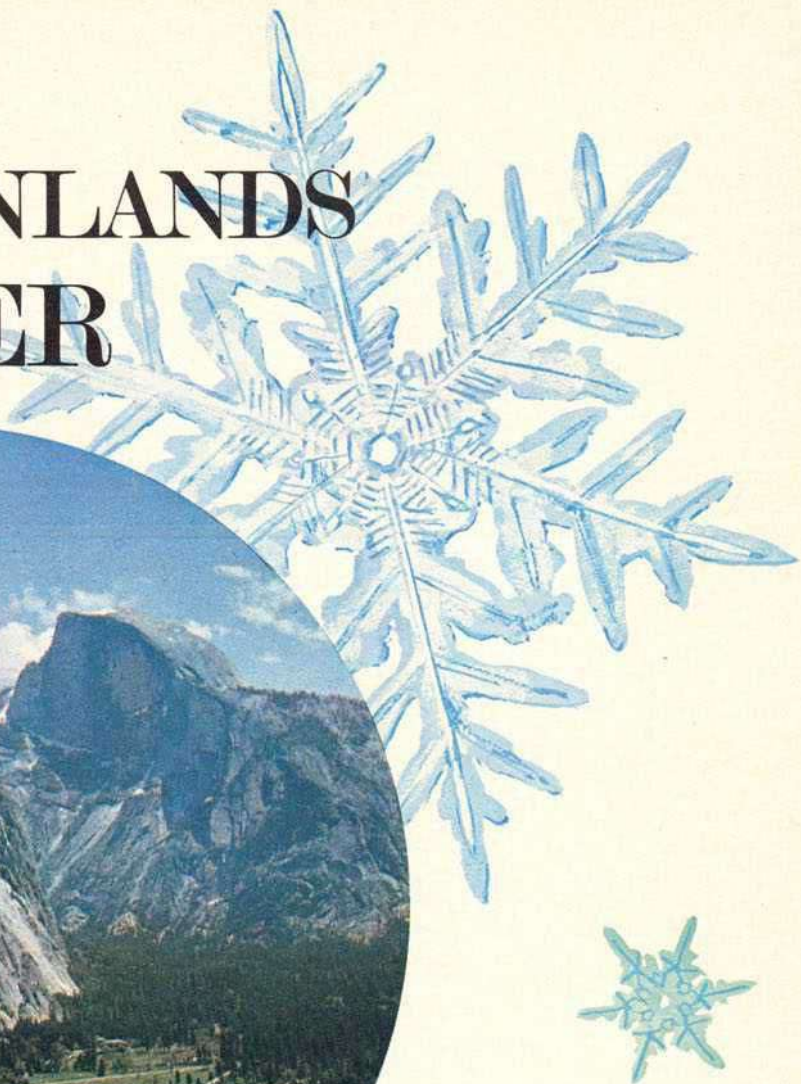
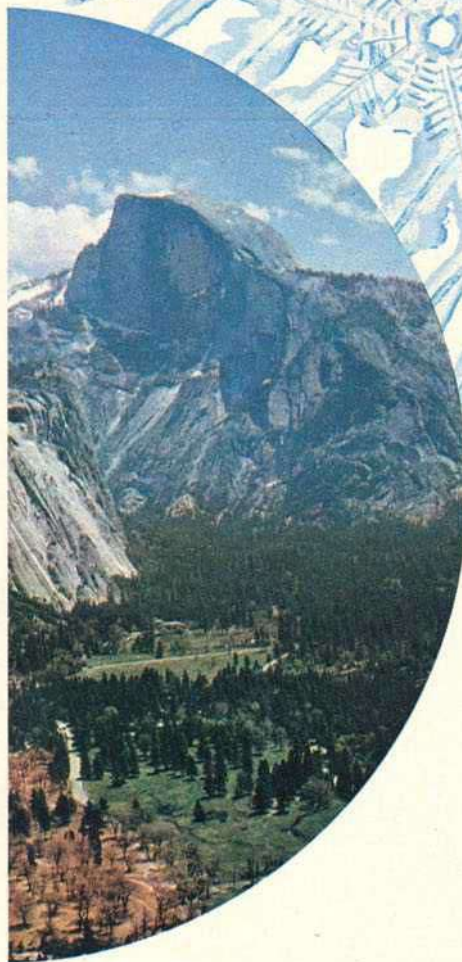
RAISING CAIN
Making a disturbance; quarreling noisily.



PULLING YOUR PUNCHES
Purposely not striking
with all your strength.



VACATIONLANDS IN WINTER



Every summer, thousands of visitors flock to California's Yosemite Valley.

Under winter snows, Yosemite's famed Half Dome is even more spectacular.

Ahhhh, summer vacation! Can there be anything in the world as much fun as cooling off during a hot summer by fishing in a lake, or camping in some mysterious woods, or dunking yourself at the seashore? Yes, frankly, there can be. How about bouncing around in a snowmobile, or gliding down a ski trail, or cutting an "8" on an ice-skating rink?

There was a period when vacation-time meant *summer-time*, exclusively. Now, more and

more people are spending the hot July-September months in the comfort of air-conditioned surroundings, saving their vacation money for those months when the trees lose their leafy coats and the snow begins to fall.

Did you ever wonder what your favorite vacation spot is like in the winter? Chances are it is even more exciting with icicles than it is with sunshine and mosquitoes. Maybe more so.

Across our country from east to

west, the winter snow adds a great many chances for fun and relaxation. In New England, the summer swimmers and hikers desert the beaches and country roads to take to the hills for sledding and skiing. In the Northwest, outdoor camping comes to a halt, but winter visitors can take delightful sleigh rides in the National Elk Refuge and ski on 50 miles of beautiful trails.

Skating is a favorite sport at Yosemite National Park in



The rugged Grand Teton country is a camper's paradise in summer; winter snows add to the grandeur of the peaks and lure ski buffs to the area.



California; and there is an outdoor rink (it's huge!), near Camp Curry, plus the many exciting snowmobile rides at Badger Pass.

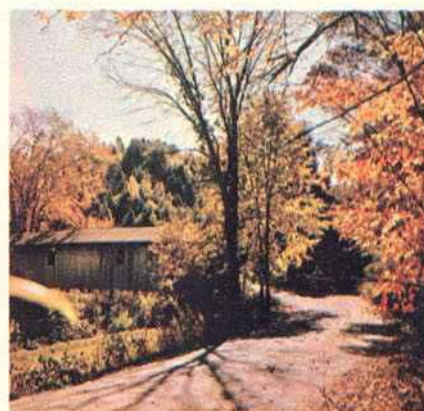
Perhaps you would prefer spending your time less energetically, just painting, or taking photographs, or simply drinking in some beautiful sights. No better place to visit than the Grand Canyon National Park. And you always thought *that* was strictly a summer place to see! In the winter it is even more eye-dazzling.

So, the next time you start itching for a vacation, decide where it is you want to head, then do a little sleuthing as to what it's like in the winter. There is a very good chance it may be even more fun with earmuffs than with a bathing suit. You see, you'll find lots of unexpected fun in our winter vacationlands!



Winter woods offer the hiker a special kind of stillness.

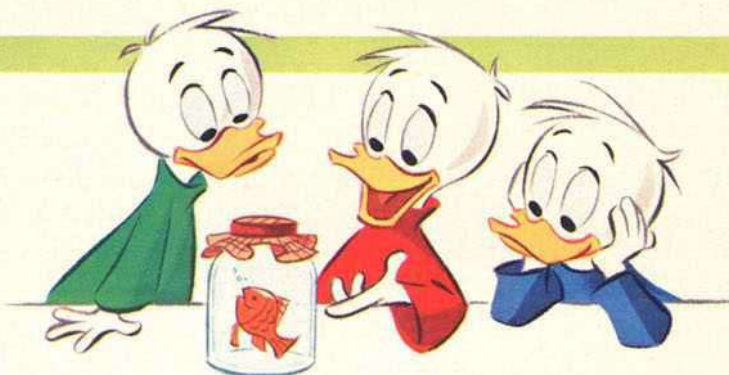
New England is lush and green in summer, glowing in the fall.



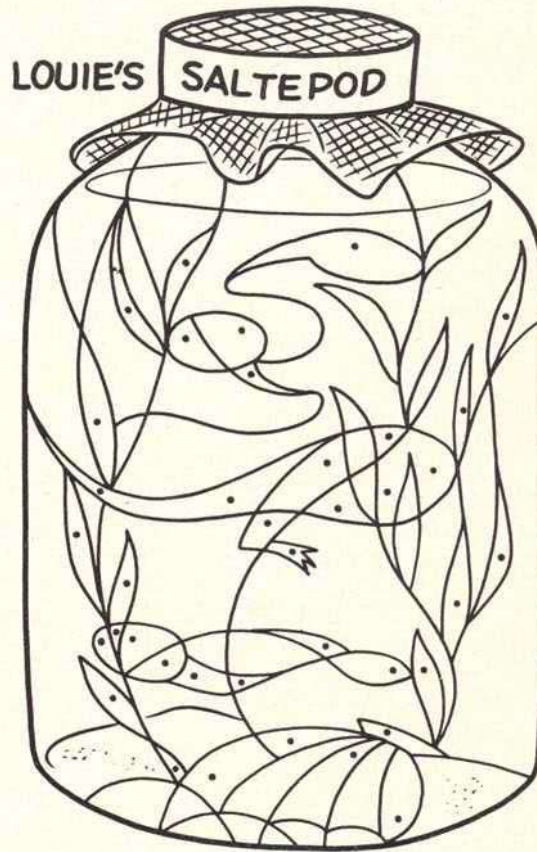
Grand Canyon in summer is one of the world's natural delights. In winter, snow on the rimrocks contrasts with desert buttes below.



SCIENCE LESSON



Huey, Dewey and Louie caught specimens and put them in a jar to bring to science class. To see what the boys have to show, take a colored pencil and lightly shade in all the areas containing a dot. Then, identify the contents by unscrambling the names on the labels. To check your answers see bottom of page.



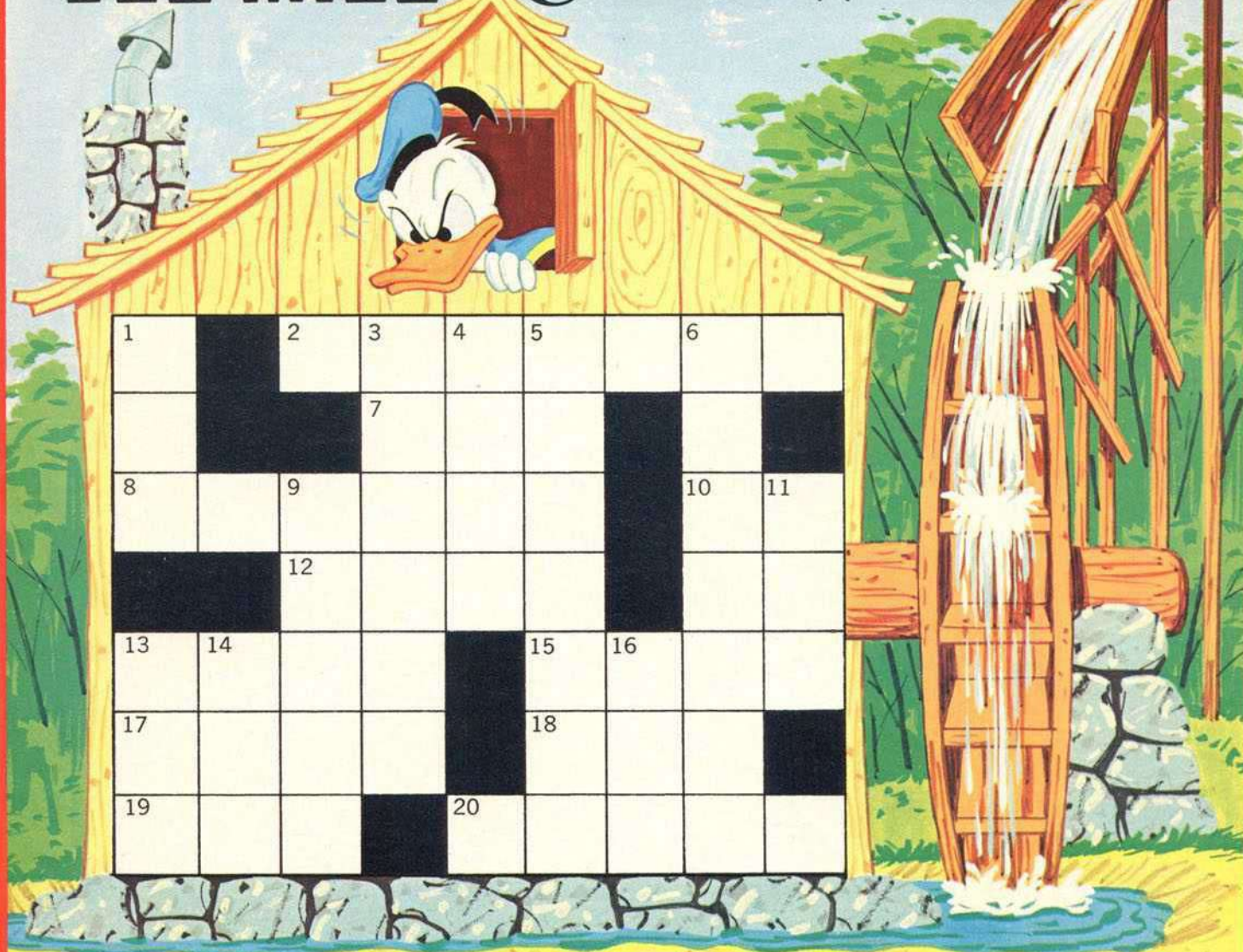
CROSSWORD
PUZZLE



SCIENCE LESSON ANSWERS:

Huey's: Butterfly Dewey's: Horned Toad
Louie's: Tadpoles

OLD MILL CROSSWORD



ACROSS

2. A hawk sometimes _____ in the air searching for prey
7. Large expanse of water that is less than an ocean
8. Long firearms used to defend the fort
10. Nickname for father
12. Craft used to transport Tom Sawyer to the island
13. The water falls _____ the water wheel which turns to grind corn into meal
15. A frame or machine used to weave cloth
17. There's lots of this in the desert
18. People and animals grow two of these, a stalk of corn may grow many
19. A small animal usually present at picnics
20. Dale _____ the mill keeper to grind his acorns into nut mush

DOWN

1. The hairy coat of Chip 'n' Dale
3. A small bit of land in Frontierland that belongs to Tom Sawyer
4. A ridge of sand or rocks lying near the surface of the water
5. Large fortified buildings usually belonging to noblemen
6. To search over the island
9. The bow is the _____ of a ship
11. To point a gun at a target
13. Initials signifying the country represented by the flag flying over Fort Wilderness
14. Utensil sometimes used for finding gold in streams
16. Chip 'n' Dale found a house in a large old _____ tree

To check your answers, see page 44.

Ludwig Von Drake's *LETTER*



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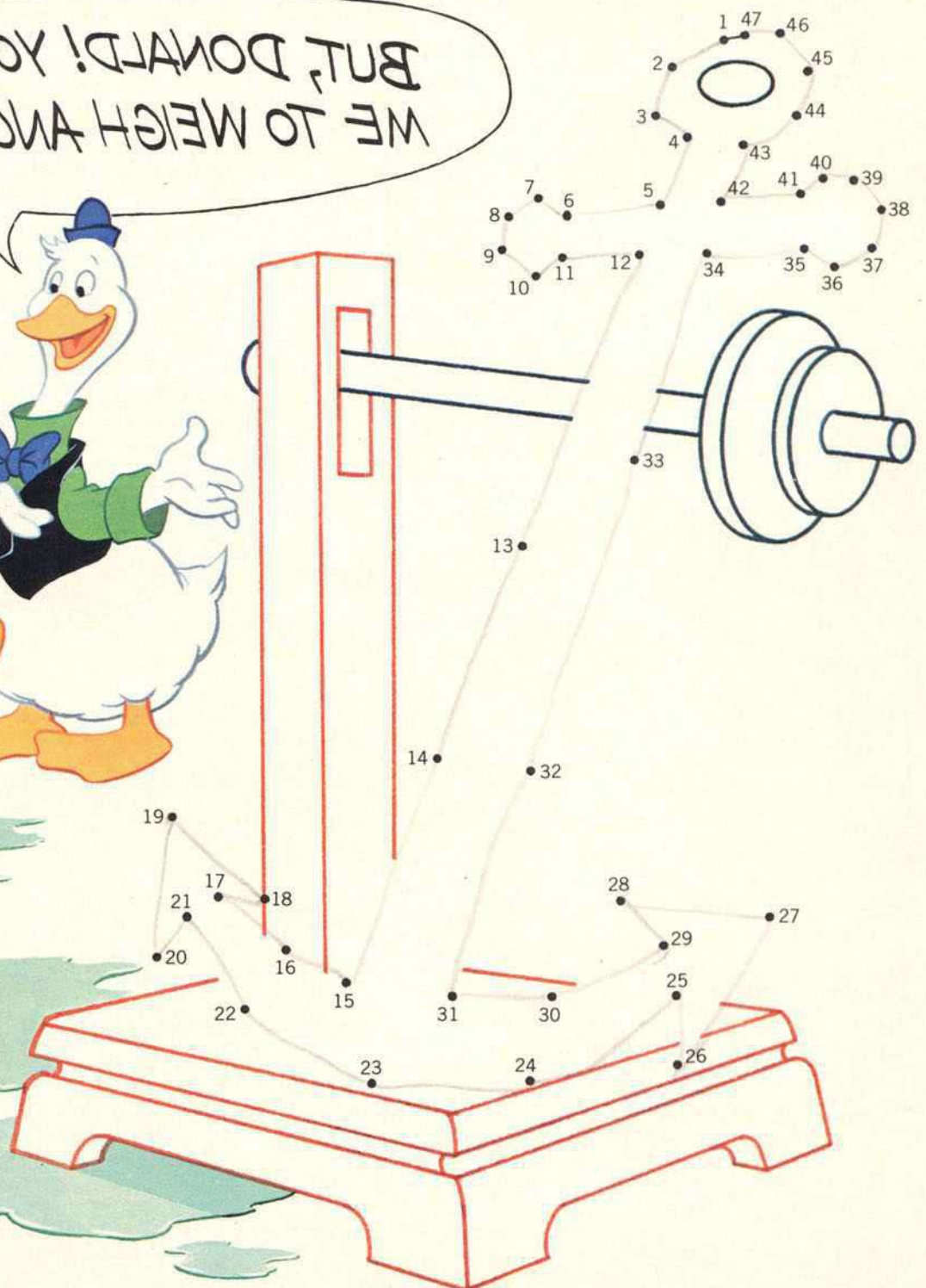
Try your hand at writing a funny story using each letter of Ludwig's name to start a word.
Example: Long Ugly Dogs Whimper In Grass.

GUS GOOSE

BOAT BUNGLE

Gus Goose really goofed this time. To find out what his blunder was, trace the dots with a pencil. Then, hold this page up to a mirror, and Gus will tell you why he did such a silly thing.

BUT DONALD! YOU TOLD
ME TO WEIGH ANCHOR!



Gateway To Next



RANGER WOODLORE Join the Little Ranger as he journeys through the coral reefs and meets their many colorful tenants.



FORT POINT Where can you find a fortress that has never fired a shot, even though it guards one of the world's great harbors? In San Francisco, of course!

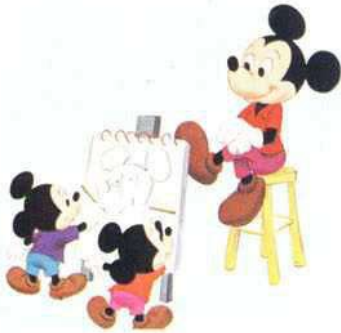
MICKEY AND THE SLEUTH
Zounds! The Bank of London hires a new janitor, with dire consequences. Can even the great Sleuth save the day?



PINOCCHIO Will Pinocchio and his friends be in time to rescue Geppetto? Find out next month.

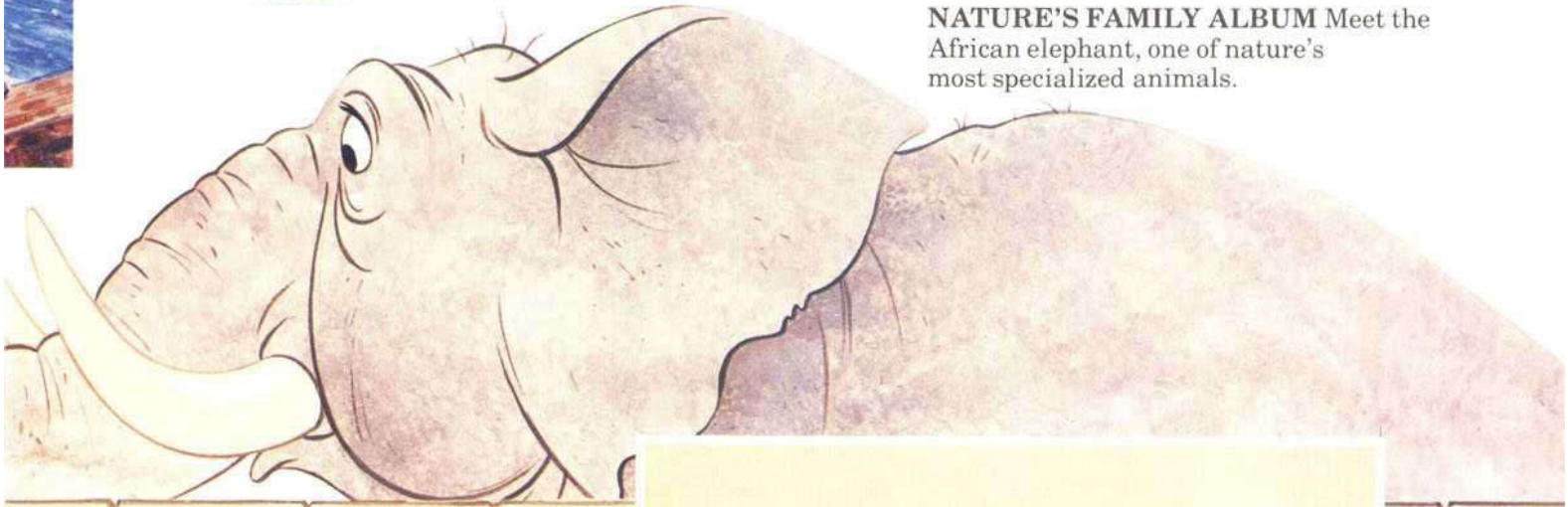
Month

GROUCHO MARX You'll have to laugh as Groucho, irrepressible as ever, recalls some of his early experiences. Find out first-hand what it was like to be one of the Marx Brothers.



HOW TO DRAW MICKEY Mickey Mouse was Disney's first big star, but he can be a tricky fellow to sketch. Follow our few simple hints, and you'll begin to draw Mickey like a pro.

NATURE'S FAMILY ALBUM Meet the African elephant, one of nature's most specialized animals.



Be sure to note that in our next magazine we're combining our November and December issues into one issue which will appear around the beginning of December. You can get it **FREE** when you purchase a King Size bottle of Downy fabric softener.



ALICE in WONDERLAND'S

LOOKING GLASS STORY

TO READ THIS STORY,
JUST HOLD IT UP TO
YOUR MIRROR AT
HOME!

AND
START
HERE!



BEFORE!
I'VE BEEN HERE
LOOKS FAMILIAR!
HMM... THIS PLACE

AT THE START!
NING TO END UP
YOU'RE BEGIN-
YES, ALICE



YES, ALICE
YOU'RE BEGIN-
NING TO END UP
AT THE START!

BEFORE!
I'VE BEEN HERE
LOOKS FAMILIAR!
HMM... THIS PLACE



DOWN!
I'M FALLING
BETTER! NOW
WHEN THAT

HOPE!
THE RABBIT
FALLING INTO
...AND YOU'RE



IMPOSSIBLE!
NOTHING IN
FALLING IN



WHAT I MEAN!
COOKIE, AND YOU'LL SEE
HERE, GIRL... NIBBLE THIS



AND...
I'M SHRINKING
MEE-OOP!